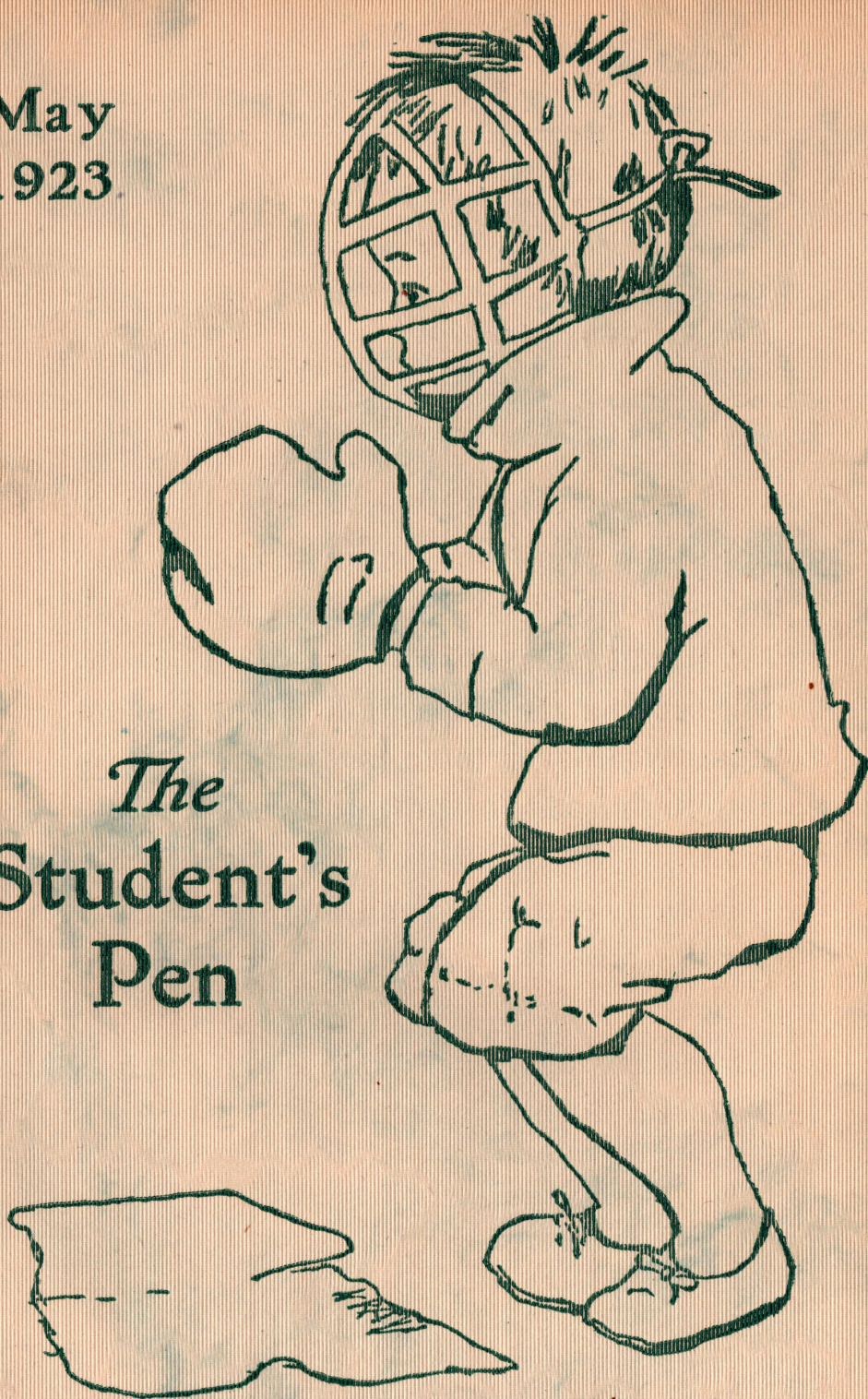


May
1923

The
Student's
Pen



"PLAY BALL"

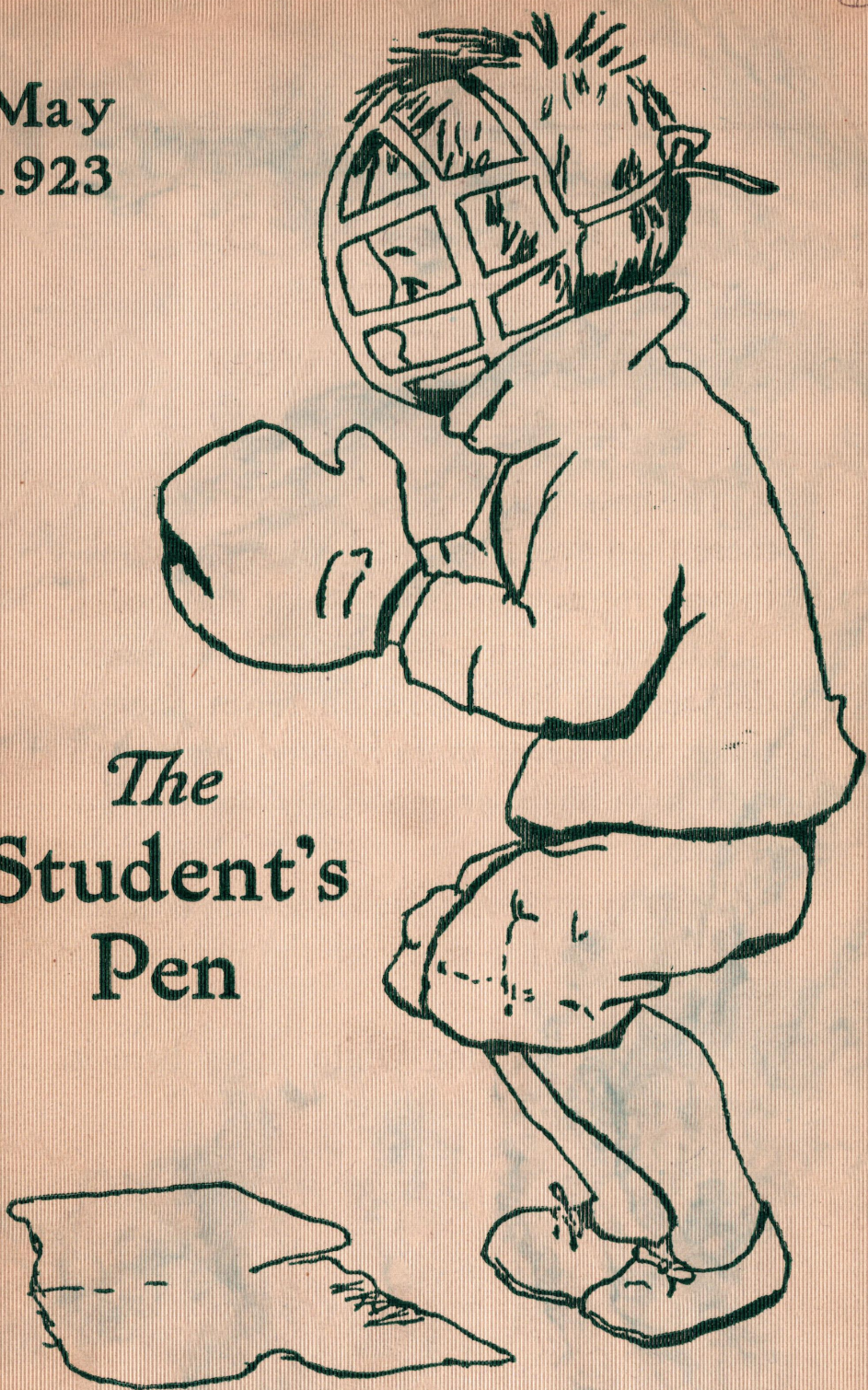
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The
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"PLAY BALL"

By R. Hays .

FAHEY'S

White Footwear

Follows the Flair for Novelty

The new White Shoes---have departed, more than ever from the beaten paths, taking on forms amazingly smart and novel.

Cut-out effects predominate. The sandal, seeking its inspiration from ancient times, was never more favored, arched on slim high heels, or gracefully set on low heels.

Novelty expresses itself, too---in touches of color added to many of the new white models.

And so, choosing white shoes here is fascinating in the extreme.

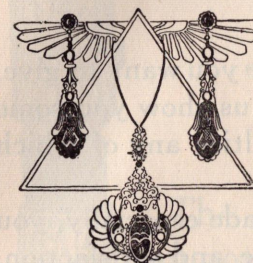


FAHEY'S

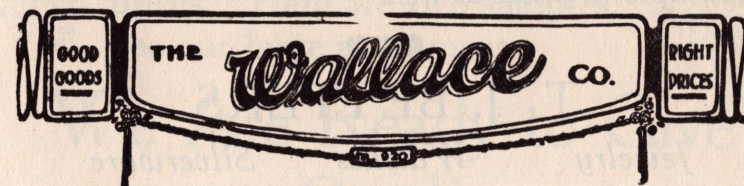
Pender Bldg.

Pittsfield

Oriental Touches in Jewelry



Chinese amber makes beads, and beads make necklaces, and a necklace makes a costume complete if it accompanies a printed frock or one of the intriguing new crepes. Beads are very large to be stylish. Or if you prefer it, one of the odd shaped pendants with unique carvings is equally smart.



AT graduation time your friends expect your photograph. To graduates desiring individual photographs we will allow liberal discounts.

Visitors are always welcome at the studio

The Camp-Gray Studios

(One of the Largest and Best Equipped Studios in N.E.)

150 North St.

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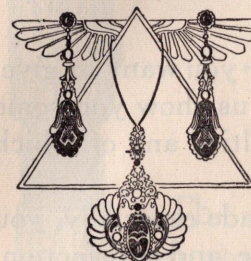


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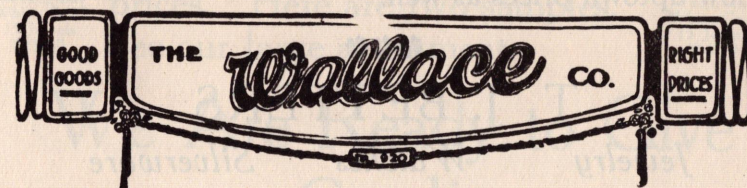
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and it is not too early to decide just what you want to give.

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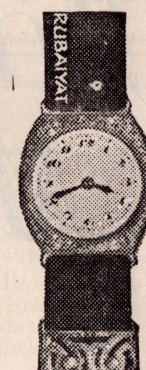
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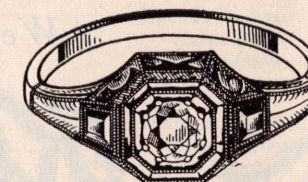
Any person with proper references can buy from us by paying two-fifths down---
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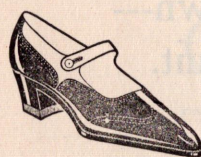
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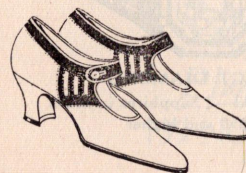


A Complete Line in all the
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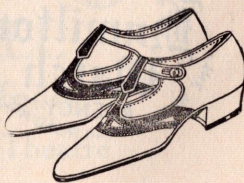
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The STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. VIII

MAY, 1923

No. 5

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Editor-in-Chief, AGNES H. THOMSON

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CONTENTS

EDITORIALS Patronize Our Advertisers	Kathryn Volin	6
What Are You Reading?	Wm. McLaughlin	7
LITERATURE Caught	Harry Baker, P.G.	8
A Bull There Was	Elizabeth McCombs	11
Vengeance	Rachel Sheldon	12
Lack of Twenty-Five Cents	Irene Hunt	13
A Radio Mystery	A. Salo	14
The Championship Game	Robert Volk	15
A Dissertation On Poultry	Erminie Huntress	19
That Silent Sound	Wm. McLaughlin	20
POETRY		
Down To The Sea	Frances Tompkins	15
The Old Berkshire Hills	M. Connally	20
Hens	Ethel Chapman	22
BOOK REVIEWS		23
STUDENT ACTIVITIES		26
ALUMNI		30
EXCHANGES		31
ATHLETICS		33
YE POLL PARROT		35
COMMERCIAL DEPT.		40
EDITORIALS		
Opportunity	Meta Isringhaus	40
Opportunities of a Vacation	Helen Brown	41
Character	Evelyn Gooley	42
Persevere	Frances Rawson	42
LITERATURE		
Business Is Business	Frances Rawson	43
The Moon	Anna Klein	44
His Last Battle	Bob Howard	45
BOOK REVIEWS		47
POETRY		49
STUDENT ACTIVITIES		51
JOKES		51

EDITORIALS

With this issue the Senior A members of the staff will complete their work with the "Pen". However, this doesn't mean that this is the last number; next month the school will receive the June issue, brought out under the management of a reorganized staff. The undergraduates who have done such faithful work for the "Pen" will step into the places of the Seniors—and in spite of our gigantic egotism we know that they will carry on.

Of course the "Pen" always receives adequate literary support, but enthusiasm for the Business department may not be quite so absolute. It adds greatly to Miss Volin's credit to have the school know that her efficient management has almost made the "Pen" entirely financially independent. Her successor will find her accounts in perfect order, it's up to that person to keep them so.

We hope that the new Editor-in Chief, Elizabeth White '24, will find the school always keen, alive, alert, enthusiastic and loyal to the "Pen". It is the spokesman of your right of speech, use it because you enjoy it, and you want to say something which should be said. In short, keep up your excellent contributions.

A. H. T. '23

Patronize Our Advertisers

Is "We ought to patronize our advertisers" just a remark to salve over the consciences of a few pupils or is it an honest statement of the true sentiment of the school in regard to advertising? In some cases it is just a slide-over-easy assertion but it is not exaggerating to say the majority of the students do heed the advertising. Those who will be bothered to think only a very little about the subject need to be waked up.

They cannot help noticing that the well established business concerns and professional men advertise with us. These men, because they are not pecunious and because they are genuinely interested in us, have given us their advertisements. This fact alone proves their reliability.

Isn't it much better to buy at a place you personally want to encourage than at one in which you have only a momentary interest? Pupils drifting in occasionally to "salve their consciences" are only wee tiny drops in a bucket, but a crowd of them really do amount to something. Students have more leisure time than anyone else to peddle news around—make it worth-while news. There is unlimited opportunity for the High School to stimulate outside interest in our advertisers.

We have been doing something, let's expand it, make it worth while. Let's boost the fellow that's boosting us!

Kathryn A. Volin '23

What Are You Reading?

From a careful study of what the public is reading I have concluded that there are three distinct divisions to be drawn in present day literature. We all have, at some time or other, enjoyed one of these three classes. The following may help you select your proper division.

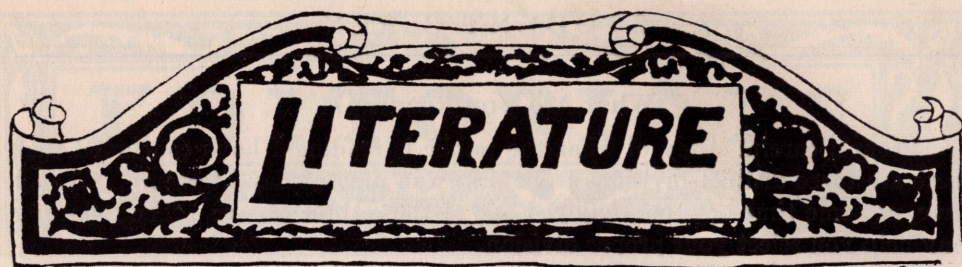
FIRST. Ruddy Faced Robert; or the Wonderful Waif Series. Robert, the everlasting hero, is indeed a wonder. He boasts a frank face, honest eyes, rich chestnut hair with a curly wave over a brow a sculptor would love to chisel. We are all well acquainted with the exciting moment. Our hero saves the pompous banker's life by holding back a large truck with one hand while he picks up the portly gentleman in the other. Of course, the lad eventually marries the old man's daughter. To be such a brilliant success all that is required of you is that you sell newspapers on the street and have your parents die when you are young. Try it—it's easy.

SECOND. The Detective Story. We meet the detective—steel grey eyes; iron jaw; thin, hard features; can shoot thru either coat pocket; always as cool as a Bessemer furnace. The story opens with a murder; a hat pin is the only clue. Slowly but surely this extraordinary man weaves his terrible web about the innocent criminal. Suddenly "Jimmie the Humpback", regarded as the biggest noise in the underworld, is arrested. My, how the theme grips the heart and chills the spine.

THIRD. This class finds the young reader advancing into the division commonly known as the Character Novel or the Romance. The arrogant heroine refuses to take any notice of the handsome hero. Midway in the novel the hero works the same stunt, and even surpasses the heroine in developing his haughty airs. And now the heroine begins to melt. This takes a stretch of some few hundred pages, until the villain is thrown bodily from an eleventh story window, marking the sidewalk below with a large, ghastly grease-spot. The June moon rises on the two lovers in the garden—Holiday Edition in limp leather for only \$3.50.

Each is a seller in every meaning of the word. The description of the different styles may cause you to smile—simply because I have come so near to the truth. Fifty years after my death, when Shakespeare and I have been forgotten, these above mentioned books will be read in the Junior High. I warn you before hand. In 1975 these very books I have been criticizing—these peddlers of third rate trash—will be the best of classics. But nevertheless, take this in all seriousness, for I expect you to believe at least half of what I say, and—*do not fail to watch your reading.*

William McLaughlin



Caught

A Short Play

The Woodbridge High School Baseball team has just completed a successful season, tied for first place with Middleboro team. The time of the play is the morning before the deciding game.

Characters

"Spook" Jones	Pitcher of the Woodbridge Team
"Bud" Hicks	Catcher of the Woodbridge Team
Cox	Substitute Pitcher for Woodbridge
Coach Penderson	Of Woodbridge
Dan Sutley	A "gentleman" gambler
"Smile" Wilson	The best cheerleader of Woodbridge

Act I

An alleyway. Place known as Crab Alley. Dan Sutley and "Spook" Jones. Smile Wilson hiding behind a corner.

Sutley: Say, Spooks, you ought to get back at your coach. You know he treated you downright dirty when he caught you smoking. He knew that that smoke didn't hurt you—as well as you did. He treated you like a dog.

Spooks: I know it.

Sutley: Don't you see you've got your chance to fix him in this afternoon's game? Take it!

Spooks: How?

Sutley: Can't you see, you fool, throw the game. Why, I'll pay you for it.

Spooks: That wouldn't be against the Coach.

Sutley: Of course it would be. Isn't he coach? Wouldn't the sport editors give him a fine write-up? I'll pay you for it.

Spooks: I haven't anything against the school.

Sutley: What will you get out of it anyway? A gold baseball. Why, Spook, here's one hundred dollars ready for you if you'll only take it.

Spook: One hundred dollars—! What a sell. Oh, bu-but I dunno if I'll be lucky enough to get a chance. How can I fool him?

Sutley: Oh, don't work so hard when you get in a pinch. It's as easy as—and I'll pay you for easing up!

Spooks: Well—I'll do it. I'll have my revenge.

Sutley: Yes—you'll get back at him and I'll pay you now. Here—(Hands Spooks \$100).

"Smile" Wilson: (Aside) Aha—We'll see, Spooks, we'll see!

Exit "Smile" Wilson.

Sutley: Don't forget now—listen, don't recognize me at the game, remember!

Spooks: A—yes—but!

Sutley: If you don't follow directions I'll—get *you*.

Exit hurriedly.

Spooks: (Scratching his head and looking at bills) Well, I dunno, I dunno.

Curtain

Act II

Place—School Gymn. Coach's office. Time 1.30 P. M. Penderson seated at his desk.

Enter "Smile" Wilson.

Penderson: Hello, Wilson, where's your smile? You look like a ghost. Are you sick?

Wilson: Hello, Coach. I've some real rotten news to tell you.

Penderson (rising quickly): What! Who is dead?

Wilson: Nobody dead, but worse than dead.

Penderson: Well, then, let's have it—what's up?

Wilson: Spooks sold out. He's going to get back at you because you bawled him out for smoking. The gambler's name is Sutley.

Penderson (frankly): I don't believe it.

Wilson: Don't fool yourself, Coach, because it's true—it's too true. You will only have to watch Spook when he comes in. He'll have the money with him. Notice how nervous he is. Ask him a few questions. He will spill the whole thing.

Penderson: I'll do nothing of the kind. Mr. Jones will not pitch today.

Enter Bud Hicks, hurriedly.

Bud: Why? He is our best pitcher. He is the only reliable—

Penderson: Reliable! Spooks has sold his honor for one hundred dollars.

Bud: The game is lost.

Penderson: We haven't played yet, Hicks. Cox will pitch. He is a promising clean young pitcher.

Enter Cox (Shakes hands with Penderson): Oh, I thought I'd get a chance.

Bud to Cox: Work hard, old man. We must win anyhow because—

Wilson: Here comes Spook now.

Penderson: Bud, hurry get out of sight. Cox, get your suit on and be ready for practice. Wilson you just disappear.

Hicks and Cox go to the gymnasium. Wilson hides behind the bookcase.

Enter Spooks slowly.

Spooks: Hello, coach, sorry I'm late but my father was ill.

Penderson: Spooks, you have just told me an outright lie. Your father came to see me this morning. He just passed by about a half hour ago. Jones, where were you?

Spooks (hesitating): Coach, I—I was h—home.

Penderson: Tell me the truth, Spooks.

Spooks: But, Coach, I told you.
 Penderson: Well and good then. Have you smoked any since that reprimand.
 Spooks: No, sir.
 Penderson: Go and get ready.
 Spooks starts for the door a little hurriedly.
 Penderson: Just a minute.
 Spooks: Yes, sir.
 Penderson: Do you know a fellow by the name of Bill Collins?
 Spooks: Why—no, sir.
 Penderson: Alright, do you know a fellow by name of Cox.
 Spooks: Certainly—he's our second pitcher.
 Penderson: Do you think he'll get a chance today?
 Spooks: No sir, I feel great today.
 Penderson: Say, do you remember that fellow you saw? I think his name was Sutley.
 Spooks (gaspingly): Sutley! Why a-er, n-no sir.
 Penderson: Don't get excited Jones. How much did he give you?
 Spooks (suddenly): One hundred—Oh, ah nothing, sir, I mean.
 Penderson: Show me the money you yellow—
 Enter Hicks and Cox. Wilson appears from his hiding place.
 Penderson: Now before your catcher and our best pitcher, show me the hundred dollars or I'll take it from you.
 Spook draws out the money and drops it on the desk.
 Hicks: You ought to be shot, Jones.
 Wilson: Yes—you'd rather have one hundred dollars in blood money than a gold baseball.
 Hicks rushes toward Spooks.
 Cox and Wilson: Soak him, Bud.
 Penderson: Oh no, don't hit him. He isn't worth it. But, boys, tear the school insignia from his sweater.
 (Boys obey the coach's orders.)
 Penderson: Now go back to Sutley and hand him his money, Jones.
 Hicks: Your blood-money won't work. You sneak, we'll win without you! Get out, you yellow cur and be quick about it.
 (Spooks is pushed from the room by the boys.)
 Cox and Wilson: Be sure to cheer for Middleboro, Spooks, it might help.
 Penderson: Boys you must fight as you never fought before.
 Boys: We will, coach.

Curtain

Harry Baker, P. G.

The Maplewood Institute Association has presented the school with a gift of \$300 to be kept in a Pittsfield bank as a trust fund for Pittsfield High. Every year at Commencement, from this money a prize will be awarded to the girl student who in the opinion of the Principal and the English Department submits the best written composition on any subject.

A Bull There Was

Amber and Ammonia Salisbury, two Darktown flappers, each had a cake-eater, as they called them. Every Sunday afternoon they went for a walk in the country and then to the movies, for where they lived they had Sunday moving pictures.

One Sunday afternoon Amber, Ammonia, Andrew Jackson Seymour and Antonio Moreno Smith went for their walk in the country. Amber wore her orange suit and lavender hat while Ammonia was dressed in her best green crepe de chine with her red straw hat perched on her ear. Andrew and Antonio looked and dressed their best too, for weren't they courting the most popular girls of the Darktown elite?

As they strolled, they chatted and picked flowers along the way. Seeing some choice buttercups and a tempting shade tree in a field, Antonio suggested that they climb over the fence so that they might enjoy both.

At first Amber and Ammonia kept Andrew and Antonio very busy seeking the largest flowers while they sat under the tree. Soon, however, the young gentlemen joined them.

All of a sudden they heard a funny roaring noise. Amber and Ammonia were somewhat alarmed but Andrew and Antonio assured them that it was the brook roaring. The "flappers" thought no more about it but Andrew and Antonio were anxiously waiting for them to become excited.

Several minutes later Andrew said, "What's dat ovah dere 'Tonio? It shoah am a wil' buff'lo!"

"Wil' buff'lo nuffin'. Dat's jus' a plain mad bull."

"Wal, ah ain't goin' t'argue. Ah's gona run."

As for Amber and Ammonia, evidently their gentlemen friends thought that they were capable of caring for themselves. When the "wild animal" saw Ammonia's red hat it became wilder still.

"Ah Laudy, 'Monia, what's we gona do?"

"Ah Amba! Ah can feel its teef in me noah. Ah's so 'fraid!"

"Monia if yoahed only stop yoah talkin' an' run faster. Dar's dat brook yoah's gotta cross. An' look at dem dirty, good foah nuffin', low down, niggas runnin' an' lebbin us!"

"Ah knows it, Amba, an ah doan' wanta have nuffin' to do wiv' dem t'all no moah."

"Wahl, ah knows dey needen' come roun' foah a free suppa tonight."

"Ah it's comin' ah feel its brea'f on mah heels."

"Dar goes mah labendar hat in de brook an' mah silk stockin's am ripped, 'Monia."

Just then they reached the barbed-wire fence. A long tear in Ammonia's crepe de chine dress resulted.

"Ah'd swear if 'twasn' Sunday, Amba, an' look't dem good foah nuffin' things laffin' at us."

Sure enough there were Andrew and Antonio laughing so much that they staggered. Ammonia was the first to speak.

"What's yoah loffin' at, silly Willies?"

"Look in back of yoahselfs an' see."

Amber and Ammonia turned quickly and there was Andrew's "wil' buff'lo" climbing over the fence in the shape of two little boys carrying a buffalo skin between them. Indeed, these two Queens of Sheba were very indignant, for the time being, at their Sheiks but they felt more than repaid after being treated to an elegant supper at a "scrumptuous" restaurant.

E. H. M. '24

Vengeance

"George, I don't know what you're ever going to do with that kid of yours," commented the voice behind the big cigar.

"Oh lord, Bob, that youngster will be the death of me yet," deplored the voice behind the comfortable black pipe. "What're the latest developments? More mischief, I'll bet."

"Well, old top, you know that things have been very quiet lately—rather a restful change. At any rate, my young namesake came home today about ten o'clock with a note from his teacher requesting an interview with the parents of Robert Josiah Smith. From what you told me last evening, I concluded that you wouldn't care to be disturbed. So feeling capable of handling the situation, I assumed an uncle's responsibility, and keyed myself up to meet the school marm. While I betook myself to the regions above—I was determined to be suitably attired—the young one sat down as docile as you please in the living room. I was just going to declare myself victor in taming the polka dot tie Cousin Angelina thrust on me last Christmas when I heard the screen door slam. That gave me a hunch.

Skiping over to the window that looks out on the side lawn I got an eyeful. You never saw anything so funny in all your life. Marcus Wheeler, our leading citizen and champion of the stylish stout, was dancing a most peculiar jig on Main Street! It didn't take long for me to discover the motive power. Somebody had cut the rope that moored O'Grady's goat to the back fence. Enterprising Billy was forcing Marcus to take his daily dozen in public!

The more Marcus bellowed,—the harder butted the goat; and the harder the bunt, the louder the holler. By and by Marcus' hat fell off; then his coat-tails seceded; and finally he himself attempted an ungraceful exit. But those two rivaled any Kentucky derby: past, present or future. Round and round they went like a spoked wheel in rotation. I climbed out on the porch roof, then, to see better.

By now Marcus was about winded. The goat, however, was just getting warmed up. I hate the old guy—but I did pity him. When the bright color of his straw hat attracted the goat, Marcus was given a moment's respite, and what he saw would cause even a less sensitive man to shiver. Main Street was lined with spectators and the Ladies Aiders were in the front lines!

The whole thing was typical of Robert Josiah Smith, and, moreover, Marcus Wheeler knew it. I realized that someone should be hunting up Robert soon,

so I made an early start. Oh, yes, I finally rounded up Bobby in the old sweet-apple tree.

The young Indian has had it in for Marcus ever since the last affair in Sunday School, so I did not stop to argue. The school episode went by unlooked into; I simply followed the old Negro mammy's example in continuing to 'raise him frequent'."

Rachel Sheldon '23

Lack of Twenty-Five Cents

It was a late afternoon in one of the bare, hot, cluttered streets east of Third Avenue. At a tenement window stood a little old woman anxiously looking up the street. There was not exactly despair on her face, but neither was there much hope. She was waiting for the one who like herself was old and beaten, but plodding along somewhere, down there, on the hot pavement.

Down the face of the building in front of her hung a fire escape partially obstructing her view, so she did not see him as he shambled along the street, keeping in the shadow of the buildings for their scant protection from the glare of the sun. He came up the rickety stairs, opened the battered door with a key from his pocket and stepped into the room. Still she did not hear him through the noise of the elevated, the trolleys, and the children in the streets.

"Milly wouldn't hear to our goin' to the poorhouse." She turned at the sound of his voice.

"God help us, no. You see, Mary, as I look at it we ain't entitled to more than one life apiece, and here for three months we've been poachin' on somebody-else's." He looked at her half pitying.

"Would you be afraid, Mary, with me?"

She began to comprehend and a shiver passed through her. "You mean—you mean—"

"Yes, that's what I mean." He put his arm around her, speaking and coaxing.

"Wouldn't it be better'n to live apart, you—an' me—who ain't never been separated for sixty years?"

"Yes—oh yes," she murmured hopelessly. He turned her face up to his, looking into her eyes. "Tell me—you ain't afraid, my girl—with me?"

"No, Tom, I ain't afraid to go anywheres with you."

Upstairs lived their daughter and son-in-law. Here, sometime later in the afternoon, the younger generation was likewise intent on discussing the great question of ways and means. However, their faces were aglow with a new hope and purpose.

"An' now, Milly old girl," Dan exclaimed triumphantly, "you an' the little kid can go to the country, and take your fresh air cure!"

"Oh, Dan, ain't it grand!" She repeated the remark for the hundredth time. "Just wait till we tell pa and ma," she looked at him proudly, "that you have been made foreman. Didn't I always say that it was comin' to you? They ain't talked about it, Dan, but they've been frettin' mighty bad to think that you've had to take care of them. It's been eatin' the heart out of poor pa—especially

with me and Kitty sick. I just can't wait to tell 'em that you've got some real pay comin' in now, and that I need them as bad as ever to look after you all the while me and Kitty's away. Come on—let's go down now!"

In buoyant spirits they hurried down the stairs, reached the door, and turned the knob. It resisted; there was neither sound nor stir within.

With the dawning of fear in her eyes Milly looked up at her husband. "Ma wouldn't have gone out without callin' up to me."

Desperately Dan pounded the door. Suddenly it opened, and a burst of heavy nauseous air assailed them.

Her husband seized the panic-stricken Milly. He spoke sharply, "Don't lose your nerve now! Open the windows wide, quick! I'll get an ambulance."

The young surgeon worked with a will, enlisting the services of Dan and Milly by his brief, sharp orders.

"Any hope?" whispered Dan.

It doesn't seem as though there could have been a full flow of gas here," replied the young doctor, "I guess the meter must have run out."

"Oh!" Milly's face lightened as she glanced at the interne.

"Dan, just to think! An' I suppose poor pa didn't have another quarter to put in it."

The young doctor smiled at them both. "Well, you can thank your lucky stars that he didn't—the lack of a quarter was the life preserving power that time."

Irene Hunt

A Radio Mystery

After months of study and concentration I thought I had learned all there was to be learned about radio transmission and reception. I could talk glibly about oscillators, oscillations, C. W., I. W., condensers, leaks, spider webs, vacuum tubes, rheostats, and honeycombs until the average listener thought he had the mentality of a child. Every morning on the way to work I could mix with all the dyed-in-the-wool fans and hold my own. If someone boasted of getting WGAC on one tube I was sure to get PWX so loud that I could lay the phones on the table and listen to the music as it trilled forth.

All this went on serenely for weeks, when one evening as I proceeded to tune in PWX, and as I was dreaming of some day when I could get MAZP, a screeching louder than a million cat fights assailed my ears. It sounded as if the devil and his QRM orchestra were playing inharmonious discord. Fervently I manipulated the various dials. After tuning ten or fifteen minutes (it seemed an hour) something resembling music came through. I gave a sigh of relief and tried to tune it in more clearly, when another noise like tin-pails, cowbells and bass drums came booming in my ear-phones. It nearly drove me insane. I called all the radio experts in town for a conference. My set was dismantled and rebuilt a dozen different ways with no better result. Finally someone suggested we inspect the aerial. Up we went. About halfway down the hadin we noticed a small wire leading to the apartment

above mine. We investigated. There (may his soul rest in peace) stood a measly, sawed-off, hammered down shrimp, the cause of all my troubles, chuckling in fiendish glee at the trouble he knew he was causing me. He had had his set attached to my aerial and as a result we were both detuning each other. Next day there appeared in the paper a notice, "Died: John Smith, a resident of Whitehead apartments; died a violent death by unknown hands."

Now every evening I can tune in with peace to WOC, PWX, WHB and I still dream of tuning in MAZP.

A. Salo '25

Down To The Sea

A tiny candle in the dusk,
A golden halo round it—
Its misty light eclipsed by flames
That rent the clouds and lit
In ghastly flashes,
Land and sea.

The storm beat on the ships;—
Sails splitting in the gale
The riven masts snapped off
And conquering winds flung off the veil
That hid the fearful
Land and sea.

A cottage hugging close to shore
Rocked with each surf-break's thunder
Thro' fearless fingers slipped each colored bead—
With dawn, beneath the shining wonder
Of new birth, lay
Land and sea.

M. F. Tompkins, '23

The Championship Game

The league had engaged in a most interesting baseball series, and now the end of the season had arrived leaving two teams tied for first place. In order to determine the winner a three game series was arranged. The first two games passed, each team winning one game.

The day for the third and deciding game dawned bright and clear. Before the game had started the grandstand and bleachers were crowded to capacity and the sides of the park lined with eager spectators. One could hardly hear himself speak in the turmoil. Silence, however, overspread the pack when the umpire stepped out on the field and removed his cap. The stillness was almost uncanny as the official started to speak. "The batteries for today's game are James and Fellows for Atlanta with Carlson and Newbourg for Memphis." The crowd now became a jubilant mass of humanity; the pack was once more in an uproar. But

silence again reigned as the men took their places in the field, ready for the great strain.

The pitcher received the ball and stood ready to deliver it. Then came the umpire's signal, "Play ball!" With a quick twist of the wrist of Atlanta's star pitcher, James, the ball sped toward the plate. The great game had begun. "Strike one, strike two, ball one, strike three, batter out," bawled the umpire. The next batter hit a pop fly which was an easy out. James appeared to be in excellent form, and it began to look as though he couldn't be hit and that it was bound to be all Atlanta. But this was not to be, for the opposing pitcher, Carlson, Memphis' ace, was equally effective. Thus the game progressed for eight exciting innings with the score at that time nothing to nothing. It appeared that the game would be everlasting. But the break was soon to come. In the first half of the ninth the Atlanta supporters received a scare. The first man up for Memphis singled sharply to center. The next man sacrificed him to second with a petty bunt along the first line. The Memphis crowd were pleading for a hit. Up to the plate stepped Snodgrass; there was a deafening roar, for he was the star hitter. James wound up carefully. He intended to throw an out curve but as he started to pitch his foot slipped, and the ball, instead of curving, cut the center of the plate. Snodgrass swung hard, the result of which was a long double to the left which scored the man on second. He himself was trying to stretch it into a triple. That run looked like the game. Carlson stepped into the box. The first two men were retired in rapid order, and Carlson obtained two strikes on Coolidge, Atlanta's first good hitter. The crowd stood up, ready to go home. On the next ball Coolidge singled to right. The crowd sat down. Up to the plate stepped Hans Hagner, his fame known as a homerun hitter. The Memphis captain and pitcher held a consultation. Hagner was to be given his base on balls. Carlson appeared slightly nervous and failed to notice that Hans was standing a little closer to the plate than usual. Then the first three balls were missed. The fourth, however, gave forth a resounding crack. The captain and the third baseman of the opposing team simply took off their caps and stamped on them, as the ball sailed over the center field fence. If it could have been followed one would have seen it bound well out into the street. Meanwhile the three men had crossed the plate, and were being carried high on the shoulders of their comrades. Their fine spirit had won the day.

Robert Volk '24

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A Dissertation On Poultry

I have chosen the subject of poultry because it is of undying interest. The reason for this is that a hen is immortal, since her son never sets. I have chosen it, too, because we have raised chickens, and I ought to know something about them even if I don't.

Poultry includes roosters, hens and chickens. There appears to be some relationship between the human race and the feathered fowls; for I have heard estimable women referred to as "hens", and some clever (?) and snappy girls called "chickens". I don't know why I never heard a member of the superior sex called a rooster or a cock; I suppose it is because the men invent most nicknames, and naturally they spare themselves while taking it out on the women. The nearest approach to any such descriptive word that I have heard is the adjective "cock-sure".

Now I have learned from various sources that modern literature should have a certain queer ingredient known as "human interest". It seems to me that the only way to put human interest into a discussion on poultry is to tell about their characteristics; for we humans also have characteristics—they are ailments common to both. And if there is any parallel between their characteristics and ours, don't blame me; for it is not my fault.

Chickens have curiosity, which is expressed mainly by getting into places where they shouldn't be, or out of places where they should be. One year, when we had twenty-five chickens a few weeks old, there was a hen that had so much maternal instinct that she tried her best to get those chickens out of their own coop and away from the hen they were assigned to into the hen-yard. She scratched a hole under the chicken-wire, and three chickens came out, and followed her around till we put them back. But those chickens had had a taste of freedom, and after that we couldn't keep them inside their coop. One of them had altogether too much of that fatal curiosity; it led him to a tragic death in the hens' water pail. That chicken died like the fair Ophelia, by a method which might be called unintentional suicide. This sad case did not prevent the other chickens from obeying their impulses of curiosity, however. It did not take them long to spread all over the place.

As chickens grow up, they develop other traits. The hens-to-be become more good-looking, and literally are arrayed in fine feathers. They grow fastidious and dignified. The young cocks begin to show that they don't believe in disarmament. Their first fights, though, consist mainly in standing in each other's way with feathers on end and the light of battle in their eyes. They spend some time, too, in vocal practice, when they emit strange sounds which one could hardly believe would ever develop into lusty crowing.

When the cocks attain maturity, their main characteristic is a conviction that they are of very great importance; and they believe in standing up for their convictions. As for the hens, they have learned to cluck to each other concerning all the latest gossip. And when they get old, they get fat and lazy in proportion to the square of the length of time they have lived. We had three big Plymouth

Rock hens that were fine examples of this. They would have broken any scales made for the average hen.

On the whole, our feathered friends are very interesting, and I like to watch them. But I must admit that the time I like them best is when they are cooked and ready to eat. And of course that is the end of poultry; so I have nothing more to say.

Erminie Huntress, P. G.

The Old Berkshire Hills

Dear scenes of my girlhood, which time never chills,

Are everywhere scattered, through the old Berkshire Hills.

Many times have I rambled, through the fields and the glens,

On the banks of the Housatonic, round its curves and its bends.

Oft too have I paused, with my heart-full of joy,

And watched that proud river flow laughingly by.

To those looking for scenery, with a charm that thrills,

There is not in this wide world, a place like the old Berkshire Hills.

The jungles of Africa, with life so untame,

Cannot compare with those beautiful Berkshires, of world wide fame.

Far away in wild Switzerland, there are scenes that may shock,

But for real curiosity you should see our own Balance Rock.

We have babbling brooks, and shady nooks, and lake and drives galore,

And mountains grand on every hand, with stately Greylock o'er,

And skies of blue come bursting through, in openings here and there,

And a rustling breeze amongst the trees, puts fragrance in the air.

Those hills serene, bedecked with green, are blest with birds and flowers,

I know of not a fairer spot to pass away one's leisure hours.

M. Connally

That Silent Sound

Vox et praetera nihil

Hyman Jones was hanged by means of a rope necktie in the Latin quarter of Paris. But this is of no consequence, for right here in our own home town his nephew had been flattened to the thickness of an American cheese sandwich by the gentle caress of a sight-seeing omnibus. My main object is to relate the duties of Dark Complexioned Dick, and to describe the office of the "Morning Glory".

Perhaps you would like to be told what the "Morning Glory" happens to be. It is neither a ship, nor a snowplow. It is not a chocolate bar or a facial cream. No, 'tis none of these. It is something far worse. Hark ye, 'tis a mere newspaper.

The consequential member of the staff was our hero, Dick, the printer's devil. Now the printer himself was some relation to the devil, at least, that's the latest rumor. Our hero was his own boss, when the printer wasn't in, and he ran the paper according to his clever ideas. He was wholly responsible for the early edition being published at 4.61 P. M.

And some more of his improvements took shape when he was in command of the "Morning Glory". The printer's devil saw to it that all the news was local, (Copying the New York Times). Where the big city paper used 8 pica type the "Morning Glory" made it a special point to use 16 pica type. Every edition contained at least twenty pounds, or forty yards, or sixty quarts, or however you measure it, of solid RED type.

Now the printer's devil's duties included the full care of the modern printing press. It was a grand machine. The automatic motive power was furnished without extra charge by the printer's devil. With his olive face aglow with the fires of ambition he toiled faithfully at the press, turning out perfect copies at the tremendous rate of four an hour. The rapid advances of modern science have produced such amazing wonders in our every-week life.

Many, many years ago the typewriter was purchased at a left hand junk shop. It was then in its prime. Now, the ribbon was worn. The keys were usually too tired to climb up to the roll, to say nothing of making an impression. The paper guard had been cruelly disabled. The space bar seldom skipped more than nine spaces. The printer's devil nearly loved that antiquated mechanical contrivance. So deep was the sympathetic feeling of the ambitious youth that he boldly declared that the machine should have unlimited freedom. Thus the marginal stops were released and the carriage allowed to roll at will.

How often that emotional picture fills the blankness of my mind. The printer himself is sitting before the typewriter with his high hat set rakishly on his low brow. His infrequent touch clearly expresses the fond devotion he holds in his pocket. So seldom does he hit the keys we cannot fail to note the agony he is under when striking this dumb creature.

The printer's devil continued to struggle on with his time killing work, with the single thought upon his mind (one thought at a time was all his mind could comprehend)—the thought of his success in the after world. He was to be the circulating manager for good Saint Peter. And still he labored, never ceasing. Beads of perspiration formed upon his highbrow, and gathering into brooks ran in streams to the hard wood floor. And when he has finished he glances downward and sees in the pool on the floor the reflection of his silvery complexion. Gracious, a mirage, to see his face on the newsroom floor.

The whirling sound of the great press; the flapping of the newly inked papers as they are shot from the rollers; the bustling of the reporter, editor, business manager, and clerk; the shrill shouting of "Copy"; the clicking of the lonely typewriter; the general uproar arising; all add to the din which gives the room a newspaper atmosphere. If fact, it was so quiet that the scratching of the rats in the supply room was enough to disturb one's train of thought.

THE END OF THE ROPE

William McLaughlin

Bob Volk wants to know who gives the potato eyes.

Hens

I've a varied lot of chickens in a pen,
And they used to raise the dickens now and then.

Every rooster in the flock,—
Brahma, Leghorn, Plymouth Rock,
Dunghill strain and blooded stock,—
Loved one Hen.

She was fickle and flirtatious, gay and spry,
Coy, uncertain, pert, audacious,—likewise shy!
When valiant Chanticleer
Tried to whisper in her ear,
He received a vicious spear
In his eye.

But one day, a scrawny fellow, old and tough,
Bandy legged, dingy yellow, called her bluff;
Female feathers filled the air;
Blood was spattered everywhere;
But he licked her then and there,
Sure enough.

From that very day and hour she was meek;
Mistress Hen was in his power, so to speak;
Followed him across the lot,
Saved him all the worms she cot;
Fed 'em to him, like as not,
With her beak.

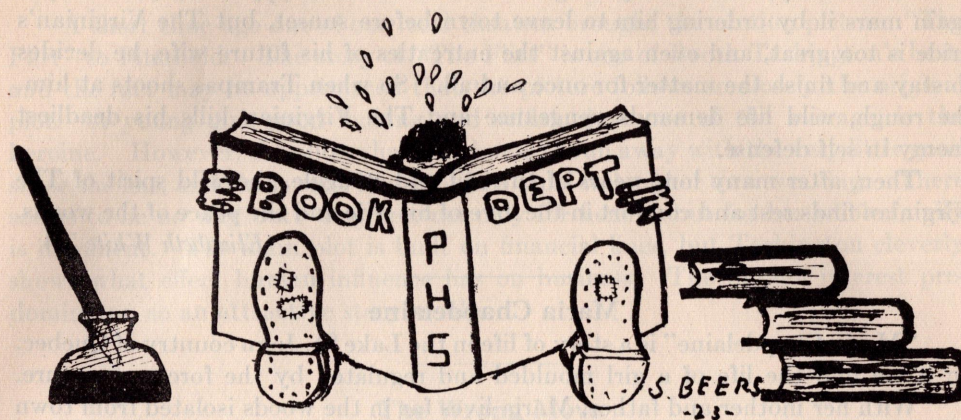
This is just a homely tale, but it's true.
Hens prefer a master male,—yes, they do.
He who hesitates is lost;
Stand your ground at any cost.
Hens delight in being bossed;
Women, too!

Ethel M. Chapman '26

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The Virginian

Owen Wister

"The Virginian" is an historic novel presenting Wyoming between 1874 and 1890. The theme of the narrative centers about the now vanished horsemen of the plains, the romantic figure of the cow puncher, who, with the buffalo, the wild antelope, and the pasturing herds, rides only in an historic yesterday. Of such a type is The Virginian, hard working and mighty, kind in a wild, rough way, honest and upright, never failing to keep his word, perhaps today termed "old-fashioned" because of his great respect for women.

The very first meeting between The Virginian and Trampas showed the rough, yet just law of the gun which terminated in the enmity between the two men, with Trampas, the low sneaking enemy. With the coming of Molly Wood, the school mistress, into the life of the ranchers, the hatred between these two was increased when The Virginian showed his great respect for women, by defending her name from the insulting Trampas.

Soon this respect which The Virginian had for this girl from the East turned into a deep love, which she, at first, did not accept. But she could not fail to admire his sterling quality which won for him the advancement as foreman on the ranch of Judge Henry, a wealthy cattle owner. This caused bitter jealousy on the part of Trampas who gave up his position as cow-puncher to take up the unlawful practice of rustling.

Shortly after, The Virginian is torn between love and duty when called upon to hand over one of his best friends, Steve, also a rustler; but recognizing the wrong that his friend has done, he executes justice with sorrow in his heart. This apparent callousness of the laws of the West, carried out by her sweetheart, caused Molly to look upon him rather harshly, but when the situation was explained to her, she relented and a wedding day was set.

On this day, when everything should have been happy and gay, Trampas again mars it by ordering him to leave town before sunset, but The Virginian's pride is too great, and even against the entreaties of his future wife, he decides to stay and finish the matter for once and all. So when Trampas shoots at him, the rough, wild life demands vengeance and The Virginian kills his deadliest enemy in self defense.

Then, after many long years of turmoil and struggle, the wild spirit of The Virginian finds rest and comfort in the love of his wife and the peace of the woods.

Elizabeth White '24

Maria Chapdelaine

"Maria Chapdelaine" is a story of life in the Lake St. John country of Quebec. In it we find the life of a girl moulded and regulated by the forces of nature.

With her mother and father, Maria lives far in the woods isolated from town life. The mother misses this life with all her heart, the father scarcely comprehends what it means, and the sentiments of Maria change as she matures, from indifference to hate. As the girl grows up many of the woodsmen desire to marry her. However it is not true love, and Maria does not take any of them seriously. At length Maria meets Francois in whom she recognizes her true lover. But Francois must leave her and go away into the woods before they can be married.

At this point the deadliness of the great country crushes out Maria's happiness. Vividly the character of the country is brought before us, and we find the country filled with beauty, romance, and pain. The influence of the place, and how it eventually effects the life of Maria Chapdelaine gives us a most entertaining theme.

Francis Tompkins '23

The Indian Drum

Macharg

The Indian Drum is a story of the great lakes. The many dangers and hardships thru' which the men who control a great part of this country's transportation pass daily, are woven into a thrilling and exciting story. Ben Corvet, king of the lakes, mysteriously disappears. A stranger, a young man by the name of Alan Conrad, appears from a small Indiana town to take his place. He believes that Ben Corvet is his father and tries to locate him. At each step Alan plunges deeper and deeper into a tangling mystery. He experiences many thrilling adventures on the boats and finally locates Ben Corvet. During a terrific storm, when twenty-six people lose their lives, among them Ben Corvet, Alan is the only survivor. He learns from a priest to whom Corvet has confessed before his death, of a great tragedy which occurred twenty years before, when the Indian Drum, an ominous sound which tolled out the number of deaths any time a ship sank, had not counted true. One of the crew of the Minooka, a large ship that had disappeared, had been saved—Alan had been that one, a child of three. With this information Alan clears up the mystery surrounding his parentage and marries the girl he loves, Constance Sherrill.

Rose Simkin '24

The Flirt

Booth Tarkington

A short time ago one of our local theatres brought the motion picture, "The Flirt" to Pittsfield. The story of "The Flirt" is one of Booth Tarkington's best, and the fact may be appreciated that the picture follows so closely the original plot. A young girl, good looking and selfish, just one of the average, is the heroine. However, she allows her selfishness to run away with the very little good sense she has, and she is soon involved in a cruel web of her own weaving. There seems to be no way out; disgrace, not only for herself, but for her whole family is imminent. The main plot is built on financial lines, but Tarkington cleverly shows what effect human influence has on business. The human interest predominates, so an attractive story results.

The Wrong Move

Anna Robeson Burr

If you want an interesting, engrossing story, you can hardly find anything more gripping than the "Wrong Move". Fundamentally a mystery story it is in some parts slightly sordid, but its merits offset this defect. Unlike most narratives of its kind it is not merely a succession of bare, unadorned revolting facts, but is full of human reaction. It possesses just enough romance and just enough character study to relieve the tensivity of a terrifying mystery. It would spoil the plot to tell any of it but if your imagination enjoys a mystery and your analytic powers crave the unravelling of a complicated plot, read the book; you'll enjoy it.

A. H. T. '23

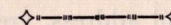
Mr. Hayes: "Suppose there was a horse out in the middle of the road, a horse that wouldn't go. If you used a whip—what would be its function?"

Al: "A catalytic agent."

Cutie: "When you burn your hand what three authors come to your mind?"

Vanny: "Dickens, How(e)it Burns."

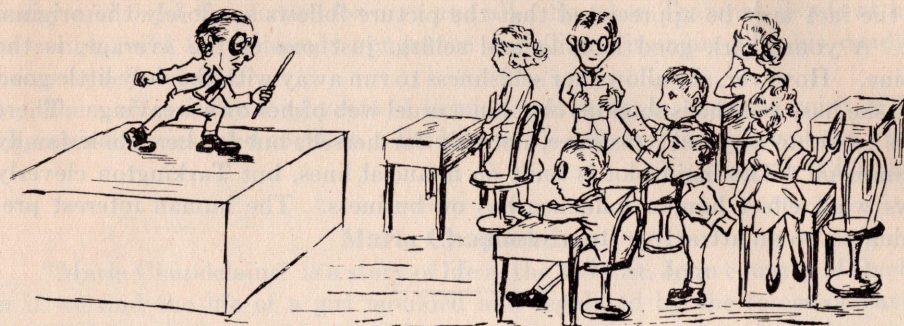
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STUDENT ACTIVITIES



Students' Activities

Speakers

On Thursday, March 26th, we had the good fortune of being addressed by Mr. Robert Fenton. A pin, were it dropped, could easily have been heard, so intense was the interest of the student body while he was speaking. Mr. Fenton is an ex-convict who, having discovered the error of his ways, speaks to high school students, trying to impress on them the futility of a life of crime. In a most realistic way, he told us of his past life. He explained to us how he started on the wrong path, and the hardships and misfortunes which accompanied him through so many years of dishonesty and crime. The horrors of such a life, the shame which he experienced, the disquiet which he continually felt, and finally the circumstances which led him away from his life of degradation, back to a life of honesty and peace—all these things he pictured to us in such a way as to inspire everyone with a desire to implant Mr. Fenton's lesson deep in his heart, and to always live up to it to the best of his ability. So impressed were we with this talk, that there is not one, I am sure, who would not gladly take advantage of Mr. Fenton's promise—"to come back whenever we want him".

Dorothy Cain '24

"I am Miss California!" With this as an introduction Miss Tinsler, or Miss California, "The Girl of the Golden West", as she is known throughout the United States, began her delightful address, greeting and welcoming us to the sunlit valleys of her home state, California. As Falconer says, "With promised joys allured them on", she left us eager, indeed, to see her land of golden dreams.

But there was another treat in store for us also, when Congressman "Dan" Reed of New York State spoke to us. Mr. Lyon told us, in introducing "Dan", that we could not fail to fall in love with him, and having heard his interesting stories and his plans for making our city more beautiful and more progressive, we

heartily agreed with Mr. Lyon. As we all will readily say, it was one of the most inspiring talks we have ever heard.

Better still, however, was to have the privilege of shaking hands and talking with such celebrities, and this was the honor that fell to us. Of course we were anxious to learn in what way we, as the young citizens of Pittsfield, could better our city. Mr. Reed suggested that, as our parents formed the authoritative body of this Berkshire town, we convince them that we are in need of certain improvements such as erecting a new stadium, transforming the Housatonic River into a place suitable and pleasant for canoeing, and incidentally, building a New High School.

As we took our departure we were filled with the desire to "start something" and we wish to thank Mr. Lyon for bringing to the High School two so interesting people, Miss California and "Dan" Reed.

Elizabeth White '24

Senior A's

At the election of officers last month, the girls decided to give the boys some say in the class, and as a result Edward Goodrich was elected President and Charles Lockwood, Vice-President. However the other two offices are still held by girls, for Frances Pierce is Treasurer, and Rachel Sheldon, Secretary. It was resolved to pay up the class tax debts from February and to do away with the \$.01 per day over-due tax. The following committees were also appointed:

Senior Dance Committee—Clifton Nilson, Ed Goodrich, Ina Moore.

Program Committee—Wendell Budrow, Elizabeth Bagg, Mary Eagen, William Guitleman.

Banquet Committee—The Misses Strong, Hallock, and Thomson.

Rachel Sheldon '23

Senior B

No, the Senior B's have not been sleeping nor doing anything of the kind, but owing to the difficulty about joining the classes of the two high schools no class meetings have been held for some time. The last meeting was election time and although it was a lively session there was no need of calling the police (a thing which I am told sometimes happens in less well behaved classes than ours). These officers were safely elected:—Neill Bridges, president; Doris Acheson, vice-president; Ruth Simmons, secretary; and Elizabeth White, treasurer. Now, also, in our somewhat newly acquired senior dignity we are allowed two representatives to the Student Council instead of one as formerly. Helen Beattie and James McSweeney were chosen to speak for our class in this body.

At the last few meetings the attendance has been small, but a word to the wise is sufficient—we will soon be choosing our class rings.

Ruth E. Simmons '24

Junior Prom Notes

April 13 the Junior A class elected Herbert Wollison, Allan Backman and Elizabeth Yeadon as representatives from this building for the Junior Prom Dance Committee. Grace Lamb, Marguerite Sargent and Leslie Loveridge were elected from the High School of Commerce.

The first meeting was held April 17, with our new class adviser, Mr. Lucy, presiding. Mr. Backman was elected general chairman, while Miss Yeadon won the ballot for secretary.

Mr. Backman's appointments of the various committees are as follows: Miss Sargent, Refreshments; Miss White, reception; Miss Lamb and Mr. Love-ridge, hall; Miss Yeadon, decorations; Mr. Gamwell, business; Mr. Burbank, checking; Mr. Backman, music.

Each Junior A will have the privilege of inviting five friends if they send their names to the office. It will be held June 15th at Masonic Temple and the music will be rendered either by May's or Andrew's.

J. C. Gerst will do the printing.

Elizabeth Yeadon (secretary)

Art Club

A study of the American artists is being conducted under the supervision of Mr. Dennison. The club, the first one of its kind here, was formed at the beginning of the semester, and after the first few meetings the following officers were elected: President, Dorothy Cain; Vice-President, Mary Cooney; Secretary, Mary Egan; Assistant-Secretary, Edith Fenton.

Among the artists that have been studied so far are, Schreyvogel, West, Sargent, and Whistler. The course is found very interesting by those who attend, and even Mr. Dennison expresses his pleasure gained from it. The predominant motive of the club is to encourage students to visit our museum more frequently and with greater interest.

M. E. Egan '23

C. M. T. C. Club

The first meeting of the students of the Citizen's Military Training Camp of 1922 was held March 24, in room 17A under the direction of Mr. Bulger. Elections resulted as follows: President, William McLaughlin; Vice-President, Neill Bridges; Secretary, George Le Barnes; Treasurer, Dwight Jones.

A committee was elected to draw up a constitution. Mr. Bridges spoke on the advantages of the Cavalry. Mr. Learned praised the Coast Artillery. Mr. Graves claimed that the Signal Corps was the only branch of the service to belong to. The club also agreed that as far as they were concerned the trip to camp was to be taken by rail instead of by bus. It is expected that Col. Eaton and other local military men will be obtained to speak to the club some future date. All students interested in the camp will find ample reading material and personal suggestions by looking up some of the experienced members.

The Senior Hop

'Twas the night of the Senior Hop,
And all thru the house,
Everyone was scurrying,
Even the mouse,
The daughter was trying to do up her hair,

And was dabbing the powder on with great care.
Her mother was sewing with deliberate skill
On her fluffy new dress, the last tiny frill.
And brother, his face all wrapped in a frown
Was insisting his sister looked worse than a clown;
Dad came up at the mother's sweet call
And declared his daughter would be the Belle of the Ball.
"Yes, Belle is good," said the small brother bad,
Dumbell's more like it, let me tell you, Dad!"
This confab was ended when a jolly "Hello"
Told the girl that her escort was waiting below.
A little more powder, a last tiny peep
And daughter had gone and left her family to sleep.

The dancers are jazzing all 'round the hall
The music is peppy, indeed, at this ball,
The trimmings of yellow, violet, and rose,
And the face of each dancer with happiness glows.
The chaperone's faces reflect the same joy
That shines in the eyes of each girl and boy.
"Oh what a dance!" one admirer exclaimed.
And we all do agree it will surely be famed.

Pauline Wagner '24

Teachers' Column

Miss Majorie Day spent the week at home with her parents in Hatfield, Massachusetts.

Miss Bligh spent the week visiting her sister in Chicopee Falls. By luck the Falls were open.

New York was extremely popular with the teachers this year. Our feminine representatives include Miss Casey, Miss Morris and Miss Flynn. While there, Mademoiselle Casey visited one of our largest High Schools, and Miss Flynn reports—oh a wonderful time.

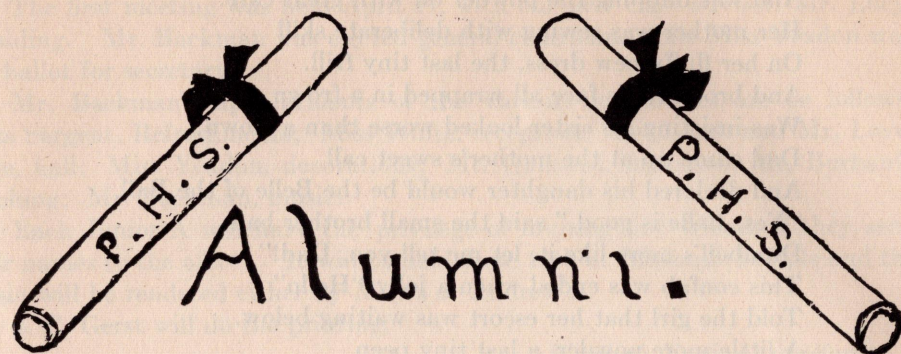
The "news hound" declares that he saw Mr. Keaney in New York too. He was touring through Long Island and New York proper. While rushing down 5th Ave. with a friend beside him he came in contact with a thirty mile an hour taxicab. Of course the friend was just about frightened to death and then there's just about \$20 worth of perfectly good Chevrolet gone to them "thievin' taxicabers".

Mr. Knight put in a worth-while week. He supervised the painting of his house. We salute the painter, it looks very well.

Miss Pfeiffer spent an enjoyable week in driving her Velie through the Berkshires.

Miss Rachel Morse was at Cape Cod.

Mr. Russell and Mr. Knight are contemplating leading the parade for our coming clean-up week.



Alumni Notes

Madeline Taylor '22 is attending Berkshire Business College.
 Winton Patnode '21 is studying at Cornell.
 Bruce Humphryville '21 is attending M. I. T.
 Marion Mattoon '21 is attending Columbia.
 Katherine Ferry '22 is at Westfield Normal.
 Dorothy Griffin '22 has moved to Albany.
 'Levy' Wood '23 is working in Albany.
 Charlotte Wilson '21 is going to Sargent School.
 Ruth White '19 will graduate from Wellesley this June.
 Elaine Gamwell '21 is attending Miss Wheelock's School.
 Gladys Danes '22 has received her diploma from Sears-Hunt Commercial School and is working in the Pittsfield National Bank.
 Earl Crosier '23 is employed by Eaton, Crane & Pike Co.
 Jean Tolman '21 and Frances Fowler '21 are sophomores at Simmons.
 Marion Spall '23 and Ruth Strong '23 are going to Berkshire Business College.
 "Betty" Harder '21 and Charlotte Clifford '21 will graduate from the Beechwood School this June.
 Gertrude Cole '21 and Beatrice Rowan '21 attended the Junior Prom at St. Stephen's College where William Cole '21, Harris Hall '21, and Norman Shippey '21 are students.
 Roscoe Pearl '19 is working at the G. E.
 Carl Dole '20 is living in Orange, California.
 "Ted" Gilbert '20 is studying music in New York City.
 Bill Bagg '19 will be graduated from Wesleyan University this June.
 Marion Britt '22 is working in J. Ward Lewis' office.
 Arthur Rosenbaum '20 is studying music at home.
 Sadie Levin '20 is in the office of Eaton, Crane & Pike Co.
 Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wiswell announce the engagement of their daughter, Gladys B. '19, to Edward Gwinell of this city. The wedding will take place the first part of June.



Our Exchanges

Massachusetts—Central Recorder, Springfield; Williams Record, Williamstown; Blue and Gold, Malden; Great Blue, Milton; Student's Review, Northampton; Boston University News, Boston; Drury Acedeme, North Adams; Herald, Holyoke; Red and Gray, Fitchburg; Reflector, Woburn; Taconic, Williamstown; The Spectator, Chicopee; Argus, Gardner; Crimson and Grey, Southbridge; L. H. S. Review, Lowell; Netop, Turner's Falls; Echo, Pittsfield; Penscope, Great Barrington.

New York—Crimson and White, Albany; Garnet and Gray, Albany; Messenger Proof Sheet, Annandale-on-Hudson; Record, Patchogue; Scarlet Tanager, Chatham; Syracuse Daily Orange, Syracuse; Shucis, Schenectady; The Owl, Hudson.

Iowa—Newtonia, Newton; Bumble "B", Boone; N.H. S. News, Northwood; The Tatler, Des Moines.

Vermont—The Catamount, Bennington; Vermont Cynic, Burlington; Spotlight, Proctor; Phips, Richmond; Ri Chu-R, Stowe; Winooski High School; Banner, Winooski; Middlebury Campus, Middlebury.

Maine—Academy News, Hartland; Paquet, Portland.

New Hampshire—Lancastina, Lancaster.

Pennsylvania—Garnet and White, West Chester.

Connecticut—Argus, Waterbury; High School Chronicle, Danbury; Nut Shell, Stonington; Observer, Ansonnia; The Enfield Echo, Thompsonville; Emblem, Southington.

Florida—Palmetto and Pine, St. Petersburg.

Ohio—The Gryphon, Ironton.

Michigan—The Ypsi Sem, Ypsilanti.

Nebraska—The Creighton High, Omaha.

New Jersey—Red and Black, Boonton.

District of Columbia—The Albanian, Washington.
 Virginia—The Sake, Front Royal.
 Tennessee—Central High Recorder, Columbia.
 Georgia—The Roman, Rome.
 Illinois—The "E" Weekly, Englewood; Hyde Park Weekly, Hyde Park.
 Missouri—Central Outlook, St. Joseph; Top O' the Hill, Gorin.
 Louisiana—The Sizzler, Monroe.
 Oklahoma—The Maverick, Tonkawa.
 Texas—Whichita Hi-Times, Whichita Falls.
 Canada—The Sheaf, Saskatchewan.

All of these papers are splendid as they contain interesting and unusual material besides having a quantity of news. In The Creighton High, we were especially delighted with the poem entitled "Omaha" written by Francis Tobin.

The School Magazines

The Catamount—You have a very interesting magazine.
 The Garnet and White—Your poetry number was very clever.
 The Student's Review—Your magazine always contains such interesting material.
 The Shucis—You have an exceptionally entertaining magazine.
 The Scarlet Tanager—A very peppy little magazine.

Their Comments

The Scarlet Tanager says—We like your paper. It is one of our best exchanges. Your literary, joke and athletic departments are especially good.
Pauline Wagner '23

Miss Pfeiffer (to bright student who has missed the point of the assignment): "What would you say if your mother made a pie and forgot to put any filling in it?"

Bright Junior: "I'd say, some crust."

D. Retallick: "Do you like Hamlet?"

W. Skinner: "I don't know, but I like omelet."

"Marriage is not practiced in China."

"How terrible."

"Yes, the first one is permanent."

Little Boy: "Mother are there any men angels in heaven?"

Mother: "Why yes dear, why do you ask?"

Little Boy: "Because I never saw any with whisker's on."

Mother: "Well dear, the men get into heaven by a close shave."

ATHLETICS

Pittsfield 21—Lee 3

Pittsfield High trounced Lee High 21 to 3 on the Lee Athletic Field. It was Pittsfield's first game and also a North Berkshire contest.

Pittsfield scored in the first inning. Garrity singled to left field and went to second on a wild pitch. He stole third and scored on Heister's long sacrifice fly. Lee also scored but Pittsfield won the game in the next inning, scoring 9 runs. After the second inning Lee was unable to score. The best the down-county boys could do was to get two men to the mid-way station. Conally, who relieved Goodrich, allowed one hit. Captain Garrity and Williams led the attack, the former making three hits and stealing five bases, and Williams making three singles. Catches by Kimple and Dannybuski featured.

The score:

Pittsfield High

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Garrity, ss.....	5	3	3	1	0	0
W. Whalen, rf.....	4	2	1	0	0	0
Conally, p.....	1	0	0	1	1	0
K. Whalen, cf.....	4	1	1	0	0	0
Heister, 2b.....	3	2	2	1	0	0
Hebert, 2b.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Dannybuski, lf.....	4	2	1	0	0	0
Kimple, lf.....	1	0	1	2	0	0
Rosenthal, 3b.....	1	4	0	0	5	1
Murphy, 3b.....	0	0	0	1	0	0
Doyle, 1b.....	2	3	0	10	0	1
Williams, c. rf.....	5	2	3	10	0	0
Condron, c.....	1	1	1	0	0	0
Goodrich, p. rf.....	3	1	1	0	1	0
Totals	35	21	14	27	7	2

Lee High

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Aroildi, 3b.....	3	1	0	3	1	2
Turner, 3b.....	2	0	0	1	1	0
Locke, ss.....	5	1	1	0	2	2
Kelly, lf.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Fenwick, cf.....	5	0	1	1	0	0
Ingram, 1b, p.....	4	0	2	7	0	0

Shields, 2b.....	3	0	0	1	3	0
Hayes, rf.....	3	0	2	2	1	0
Milton, c.....	2	1	1	8	3	1
Tolvo, p, 1b.....	3	0	1	3	1	2
Totals	34	3	8	27	12	7

Two-base hit: Locke. Sacrifices: Heister, Dannybuski, Williams and Locke. Double play: Hayes to Aroildi. Base on balls: off Ingram 8, off Tolvo 4, off Conally 2, off Goodrich 1. Struck out by: Ingram 8, by Goodrich 6, by Conally 3, by Tolvo 2.

Pittsfield High won its second game 9 to 0. This contest was forfeited as Searles High of Great Barrington failed to arrive.

Pittsfield High at bat:

	AB	R	H	Pctg.
Condran.....	1	1	1	1.000
Kimble.....	1	0	1	1.000
Heister.....	3	2	2	.666
Garrity.....	5	3	3	.600
Williams.....	5	2	3	.600
Goodrich.....	3	1	1	.333
W. Whalen.....	4	2	1	.250
K. Whalen.....	4	1	1	.250
Dannybuski.....	4	2	1	.250

R. Palmer: "You sat on every joke I wrote."

E. Yeadon: "I wouldn't if there was a point to them."

(Overheard on a Sunday night recently).

Minister: "Young man, do you attend a place of worship?"

E. Wood: "Yes sir, regularly, every Sunday night at 1085 North Street."

Miss Mills: "I am tempted to give you a test."

H. Baker: "Yield not to temptation."

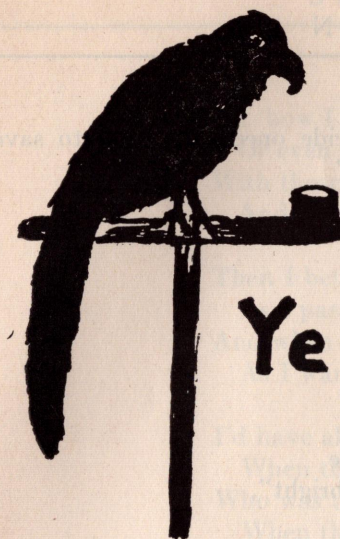
E. Lesure: "Say, there's a football player out here wants his picture taken."

Photographer: "Full face?"

E. L.: "No, half-back."

Wanted: "Boy for bakery. Must come well bred, an early riser, born in yeast, a good mixer, and will get his dough every Saturday night."

Bill Parker certainly is ambitious, he goes to P. H. S. in the morning and Berkshire Business College in the afternoon. We salute you, Bill!



Ye Poll Parrot

Jokes

Al Backman: "How did you like the show last night?"

Doug. Bateholts: "Aw, it was all a fake. They said it was a stock company and they didn't even have any animals."

Bob Volk: "I had a bad dream last night."

Neill Bridges: "Yes, I saw you with her."

Mr. Hayes: "And then Johnson went through a very trying experience. What was it, Whalen?"

K. Whalen: "He got married."

Practical Arithmetic

A teacher received the following note from the mother of one of her pupils:

"Dear Madame, Please excuse my Tommy today. He won't come to skule because he is acting as time-keeper for his father and it is your fault. U gave him a ixample if a field is 6 miles around how long will it take a man walking 3 1-2 miles an hour to walk 2 1-4 times around it. Tommy ain't a man, so's we had to send his father. They went early this morning and father will walk around the field and Tommy will time him, but please don't give my boy such ixamples again, because my husban' must go to work every day to support his family."

Academic Observer

Mrs. Bennett: "Not a person in this division will be given liberty this afternoon."

P. Powers: "Give me liberty or give me death!"

Mrs. Bennett: "Who said that?"

P. Powers: "Patrick Henry."

Dumb: "Is he tight?"

Bell: "Is he? Why he went to commit suicide once, and tried to save money by shooting himself with a blank cartridge."

Cecil: "What's the dog fer?"

Mildred: "It's not dog, it's sable."

Miss Morris: "What is a comma?"

L. Johnson: "A period that has sprouted."

• Contribute

Kid yourself that you can write
Choose a subject, "something bright",
Fix it up in prose or rhyme,
Be sure you hand it in on time.
Have a pull with the editor—then
See your name in the "Student's Pen".

Joseph Campion '23

Prof. Russell: "Who's there?"

Burglar: "Lie still, I'm looking for money."

Prof. Russell: "Wait, I'll get up and look with you."

Athletic Supplies
for
**Golf, Baseball,
Bathing,
Tennis,
etc.**

Catalogue on request



James W. Brine Co.
286 Devonshire Street
BOSTON, MASS.

**If you want Faultless
and Immediate
Service
CALL**



**Hanford's
Taxi Service**
68 North Pearl Street
Telephone 2793

Handsome

Oh, how I wish I were good looking
Or even passing fair;
With those long velvet eyelashes,
And a couple wrinkles in my hair.

Then I bet the girls would notice me
As I passed them on the street;
And when in school, they'd turn and stare,
As I wandered to my seat.

I'd have all the fellows guessing
When they tried to make a date;
Who was there ahead of them,
When their steadies answered "late".

But with my present features,
I never get a glance;
And when I do look at a girl,
I take an awful chance.

I never try to make a date;
With any girl I know;
The answer would be negative,
It always has been so.

Now I may not be so homely
As these words to you may sound.
But I wish that I was present
When they passed that gift around.

Joseph Campion '23

Al Williams: "Paw, what's a nervous breakdown?"

Mr. Williams: "The stalling of your motor on the return from a trip to Canada."

Miss Casey: "Who is talking?"

Student: "It's me."

Miss Casey (correcting): "It is I."

Student: "Well what did you ask me for, if it was you?"

To the Junior A's:

Some pay their dues when due.
Some never due.
Some pay their dues when over due.
How do you do?

Miss Clifford: "What are daffodils?"

McVig (dreaming): "Microbes."

Mysteries of the Deep

"Do fish carry scales to weigh themselves?"

"Are schools of fish educational institutions?"

"Is a 'star' fish, a movie star?"

"Does the sea develop its mussels by strenuous exercise?"

Exchange

"Did the butcher have frogs' leg?"

"I couldn't see. He had boots on."

Mr. Keaney: "Why are you tardy?"

B. Skinner: "The bell rang before I got here."

"What is a grapefruit?"

"A cultivated lemon."

H. Heneau: "What part of the body is the fray?"

Mr. Hayes: "What are you talking about?"

H. Heneau: "This book says Ivanhoe was wounded in the fray."

Miss Morris: "Have you done your outside reading?"

T. Reilly: "No, it's been too cold."

Teacher: "Give me an example of a deep story."

Pupil: "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."

The Taconic

Harold: "Your cheeks are like roses."

Rae: "That's laying it on pretty thick."

Harold: "Well, rub some of it off then."

"Ma, can't I give the baby a bite of my pie?"

"He has no teeth to bite with yet, dear."

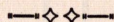
"Can't I get him yours ma? They're on the bureau."

Burdick Optical Co. Optometrist-Optician

EYES EXAMINED GLASSES DESIGNED, FITTED AND ADJUSTED

Broken Lenses Replaced Promptly.

'Phone 3157-M for Appointment



23 Years in Western Mass. 6 Years in Berkshire County.

Up One Flight--14 Dunham St. 86 North St. PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Apparatus: Six boys in laboratory and one beautiful girl outside.

Procedure: Girl walks into laboratory.

Result: Boys all turn to rubber.

R. Volk: "What is the distance from one of your ears to the other?"

A. Wms.: "I don't know, what is it?"

R. Volk: "One block."

Miss Armstrong: "Have you a nice creepy book?"

Teacher in charge of library: "Yes, are you a bookworm?"

Cliff Rice: "You are positive this century plant will bloom in 100 years."

Florist: "I'm absolutely positive of it. If it doesn't, bring it back."

Day By Day In Everyway—

I'm getting better and better—The Student's Pen.

I'm getting older and older—Pittsfield High School.

I'm getting later and later—T. Pierce, C. Musgrove.

I'm getting fatter and fatter—Bill Skinner.

I'm getting rougher and rougher—Doug Smith.

I'm getting smaller and smaller—P. H. S. Auditorium.

I'm getting more and more—Senior B. Treasury.

I'm getting dumber and dumber—Kenneth Abbot.

"Cupids' Garden"—Library.

"Journey's End"—Graduation.

"Just Like a Doll"—Miss Pfeiffer.

"Fate"—What we blame for low marks.

"Little Man"—Any Freshman.

"Pass Me Not"—What you never hear.

"Shufflin Along"—Albert Williams.

"Just Pals"—Betty Y.-Earnie C.

"If You Like Me Like I Like You"—Lillian C.-Edgar W.

"Bygones"—Basketball championship.

"Homesick"—Basketball team on the Glens Falls trip (maybe).

"Carolina In The Morning"—Carolyn Musgrove.

Mr. Russell will conduct an artists' colony on the shores of Lake Ashmere;
Mr. Knight will conduct a course in exterior decorating.

Doris Acheson has a new red sweater.
She is having her car painted to match it.



Representatives of the "Student's Pen" from the Commercial Building are:

Meta Isringhaus	Essays
Anna Klein	Fiction
Sarah Evzerow	Poetry
Paul Tamburello	Student Activities
Albert Kiger	Jokes
Helen Ringie	Exchanges

EDITORIALS

Opportunity

Too often have we heard the well-meant advice, "Just wait, and your chance will come." Too often has the less energetic person waited, yes, and waited in vain, for the chance or opportunity thus predicted. All too often, indeed, has such a prediction banished all watchfulness and alertness, and opportunities without number have flitted by, past the unconscious, patient waiter, on to the wide-awake and watchful waiter. Then the latter is eyed with envy, spoken of as having "all the luck there ever was", when he advances and leaves his friends behind in the game of life.

There must be a reason for his advancement. Just for a day, detach yourself from your companions and surroundings; become a spectator, an observer, and

watch your fellowmen closely. Notice how this one takes advantage of every new opening; makes it worth taking advantage of. Notice how that one passes by the openings, perhaps disdainful of them—not attractive enough—perhaps not even noticing them. One does not long wonder why some men have progressed rapidly in the upward climb, while others are still searching for a firm footing with which to start the climb.

I doubt the truth of the time-worn expression, "Opportunity knocks but once". We are continually surrounded by opportunities; they are constantly appearing in one guise or another, and it depends upon the individual whether or not he or she will penetrate the outer covering and grasp the real opportunity beneath. Opportunities that are apparently unfruitful, often yield the greatest harvests. So grasp even the smallest of them, visualize its possibilities, and broaden and extend the actual until it has reached the goal of the vision.

Meta Isringhaus '23

Opportunities of a Vacation

As we now enter upon that period of the year looked forward to more eagerly than any other by the most of us, we feel that a few words regarding the disposal of this time would not fall amiss. Vacation is to the most of us a heavenly period in the dim future, when one may wander at his own sweet will, sans teachers, books, and worries. But after the first week this pales and the mournful cry goes up of "nothing to do". Now, why not, this vacation, try to make the utmost of the opportunities offered you? We all know that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy", but don't lose all your previous knowledge gained by so much hard work.

If you read, read books that will broaden and educate, instead of blood and thunder thrillers. Vacation is the time to make up lost work and be ready with a clean slate for the new term.

Get a position. There will be countless times later when money earned during the summer comes in handy and it is a relief not to have to try to extract it from Dad.

Keep your eyes open. Things that will help later, tuck away in the back of your brain for there is no limit to the benefit one can get from merely being a good observer.

And when you play, play right. Do things that will build you up both mentally and physically and enable you to attack the humdrum of studies once more with pep and vim.

After your first spell of glad freedom when the jog of being lazy has worn away, and you "crave action", look for your opportunities, for opportunity is not apt to knock at your door but is often easily found if you look for it.

Helen Brown

"Name a large dam in the United States."

"New Amsterdam."

Character

Character is that which a person really is, and is the result of habits formed in early life. It is a young woman's and a young man's chief asset; it is essential to assure a steady upward climb on the ladder of advancement.

Clean thinking, strong will-power, and a reverence for what is right rather than for what is easy and usually wrong, denote good character. Character begins at home and at school. It is sought by business men in their employees, by parents in their children, by teachers in their pupils, and by the world at large.

If you commit acts now which you know to be wrong, simply because you think they will be overlooked on the score of youth, you will have a tendency toward a similar weakness in later life.

"To thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." Good character is a trait worth striving to obtain.

Evelyn Gooley '23

Persevere

In a thick undergrowth of a former large forest, Blackberry-Briar lay in a state of seeming inactiveness. His long trailing stem was not yet covered with leaves but it had a goodly covering of sharp thorns. All about him were other briars which were very much like him. The small, scrubby bushes that grew on the field looked down upon the briar with pitying scorn. The sky above was gray with the clouds of early spring and a wind blew harshly about the bushes. Yet, Blackberry-Briar was very happy and his little wooden heart was singing for joy, for that very morning he had discovered peeping from the leaves at his feet a tiny white hepatica. It was with a new joy that he looked down upon its little head. Here at last was a beautiful flower to bring him joy, a little companion to brighten his dull life. A little tender thing for him to protect, and straightway he resolved that he would protect it from every harm. And so the forest's ugliest and sharpest, became the faithful protector of the forest's smallest and sweetest.

One day a young, carefree girl came seeking just such flowers as that little hepatica. She entered that wood and plucked a few of the dainty flowers from their places. With a sinking heart, Blackberry-Briar watched her, hoping that she would not see his little friend, but she did and with a little cry of pleasure she ran over and reached down to pluck the flower. Blackberry-Briar caught at her arm and forced her to quickly withdraw it. At first she seemed to be about to go away, then with a determined smile she tried again. Blackberry-Briar caught her arm again and tore her sleeve, but once more she tried. At last she succeeded in reaching the flower and with torn and bleeding hands she plucked it carefully and bore it away, leaving Blackberry-Briar sad at heart as with a sigh, he settled down to await the coming of another spring, and another flower.

Can we not gain a moral from this simple tale? Many of life's sweetest and dearest are protected by ugly thorns. The young girl is you or I starting out in our career. As she persevered, so we must persevere if we are to gain life's sweetest and dearest. This may be success, it may be fame, it may be anything we may desire most, but we must expect to be caught and torn by ugly thorns, and

we must overcome them first in order to reach it. We must battle the thorns until we reach it and bear it triumphantly away..

Frances Rawson

LITERATURE

Business Is Business

Tommy's father was a business man. In fact all of Tommy's ancestors had been business men, beginning with his well-known father and going back through several generations until you came to that large, strong-big-hearted Pilgrim, who had risked his life with the Pilgrim band, settled on the shores of Massachusetts with them, and finally set up the first little store. He had managed it successfully until his death, at which time his son took his place. The son enlarged and improved his father's store as the needs of the colony increased. He had an indisputable business talent which brought him good luck and a plentiful fortune. But money and even good luck cannot keep old age away, and in due time he also died, leaving one son. This son, in turn took up the business of his father; and so on until, of this long line, there remained only Tommy, his mother, and father.

Tommy, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Merrill of the city of New York, was a temperamental, ambitious lad of the age of sixteen at the time our story opens. As he was the only son, it was decided that he should be thoroughly trained in all business, so that he might take his father's place in the business. At first Tommy had protested.

"But I don't want to be a business man, father, I want to be an artist or a poet."

"Just get that idea out of your head, Thomas," his father had replied, "you know that for generations the son has taken the father's place. It is my wish that you shall do this also. As for being a poet or an artist, all that I have ever seen have been poor, weak chaps with hardly a cent in their pockets. No, my lad, a business man you must be."

At that Tommy resolutely told himself that he must be a business man. But how he hated it. How he despised that steady humdrum click of the typewriter keys, and those toilsome hours over the bookkeeping books. His father, however, was a man to be obeyed so Tommy resigned himself to his fate.

When he entered college some years later, he calmly took the course his father selected for him. But in his spare time and evenings he worked diligently at his paints as if to blot out the memory, with a few strokes of his brush, of a tiresome day.

He was graduated, four years later, knowing a little more about business and a great deal more about painting than when he entered. He was given a brief month's vacation. His father then placed him in the lowest position a college graduate could occupy in his large office. For three months Tommy diligently kept books. Then his father pronounced him ready for a slight advance. This was accordingly given, and for three months more Tommy toiled on. Another advancement and another three months of toil. Then his father placed him at

the head of the Advertising Department—wise Mr. Merrill. There was no better place in the establishment for Tommy. There his artistic soul had an opportunity to expand itself, and great and numerous were the successful advertisements that issued from that department during the next three months. Mr. Merrill noted the increase in business, and traced it back to the Advertising Department. Then he smiled to himself and nodded his head.

"That boy will make good yet," he told himself.

Again Tommy was transferred, this time to the Sales Department. At first he regretted the change; then he began to find pleasure in his new work. He found that it was almost as interesting to sell the goods as it was to get the people interested in them, for that was what he had been doing in the Advertising Department. For the first time in nearly five years Tommy did not touch his paints for a whole month. He told himself that he had been too busy of late. He must take more time off. But somehow he found it more pleasant to stay at work.

It was at the end of his second year in his father's office that Tommy was made vice-president of the firm. He had not expected this so soon and he found it was rather a pleasant surprise. He entered into his new work with a will, and soon fulfilled his father's highest expectations.

One afternoon, after all the office force had started for home, and the father and son were left alone, Mr. Merrill arose from his desk and walked to the window. His son saw the movement and in a short time followed him. For a few minutes father and son stood side by side looking down on the hurrying throngs in the street below. For the first time in his life Tommy felt a fascination about it which he had never noticed before. Those hurrying people, each bent on accomplishing some task, fulfilling some desire, seemed suddenly big and beautiful to Tommy. Then, as if giving voice to his thought, his father threw his arm about his son's shoulders and said, "Beautiful! Beautiful! Is it not beautiful, Tommy?"

Tommy's former self awoke for a brief instant. "But business is business, dad."

"Yes," said his father, "sometimes. But it can be a poem or a picture at others."

At that Tommy's former self, the hating, bitter self, died forever, and Tommy stood ready and willing to carry on.

Frances Rawson

The Moon

Thousands of years ago when the Almighty decreed that there should be light, I came into being. I came into the Heavens and glanced about me. Below was a hot seething mass in the shape of a ball; from this ball was destined to spring the Earth.

Slowly the years passed, the hot mass gradually cooled, until one particularly lovely night, when I was shining in all my glory, I saw a wondrous sight. I saw mountains, valleys, trees, rivers and oceans.

That night I took it upon myself to watch and care for the Earth. Many strange things have happened on this planet—but that is running ahead of my story. I am going to tell what I have seen in the thousands of years that have elapsed since the first great sin was committed and first great law was broken by the first human beings created.

The Garden of Eden was a beautiful place. Adam and Eve lived there contented and happy, until the serpent appeared: From that moment, Children of the Earth, your troubles began.

I have been in all parts of the world and I am older than the world itself. I have seen much and heard much.

The night of the Deluge, everything was silent; not a leaf stirred; my light was dimmed; the world was in darkness. Then came the Flood. The rain poured down. Terrible winds drove the waters over the earth, until everything was covered. On that entire dreary waste of water floated only one ship. It was an awful sight—one I hope never to see again.

One night in Babylon, a great feast was in sway. People had gone insane, insane with the love of pleasure. They worshipped no God. They wanted only pleasure. Foolish mortals, amidst such pleasure they died.

One night in Egypt, sounds of mourning rose from the entire country. Pharaoh had died. He, the all powerful, was no more. Amidst pomp and splendor, he was placed in his pyramid. Thousands of years later, this same pyramid was found, and hailed as a great discovery.

One night in Venice, a beautiful girl was leaning over a balcony, below her in a gondola, her lover was serenading her. Her father disapproved and the lover was put out of the way. The girl died of a broken heart.

One night in France, a country girl dreamed. My rays fell on her face, revealing its beauty and purity. That girl saved France.

One night a great man was to be banished to an island far from civilization. He had wished to conquer the world, but by grasping for too much, he lost all that he had.

One night a plot was made to conquer the world. Another man wanted to reign absolute. Because of it, millions died. Night after night I looked down at a war-torn world. Night after night war-weary boys looked up in my face before breathing their last.

One night I glanced down into a beautiful garden. I quietly slipped beneath a cloud, because I did not want to intrude.

I wonder what I will see in the future! I am so very tired of the world and its people. I am tired of the eternal conflicts; I am tired of the constant reaching out for more and more. I want to shine on an earth that is contented and peaceful, where war will be no more and good faith will be evermore.

Anna Klein '23

His Last Battle

One, . . . two, . . . three, . . . the referee's thick voice floated out into the smoke filled arena. The crowd had gathered to see the great battle between their idol, the Frisco Kid, and Sailor Bryan, the champion of a neighboring city.

The Frisco Kid, known throughout his home town, had battled to his utmost and so far failed.

His mother, father and brother were not far from the ring waiting, anxiety, despair, then joy registering on their faces, but hope always gleamed in their eyes. He had said he would win, but now it looked different.

Four, . . . five, . . . and the Frisco Kid stirred, uttering a moan. Many thoughts, jumbled together, gathered in his blood-shot, burning brain. Again and again he attempted to rise. Then, through it all: the picture of his manager coaxing, finding fault; the referee giving the slow count that marked defeat; and the yells of the fight-fans; his mother's picture appeared, smiling and confident.

Was he going to disappoint her? During this inspiration he slowly rose. Would this fiend opponent never give in to the knocks which he landed so carefully on the point of his jaw? He had been fast, clever, darting in, then out, at the first of the fight, but he had slipped, making an opening for his opponent; the result was that he now lay a heap of pink flesh in a corner. The gong sounded at the count of eight, he was saved for this round only, and for what? To be crushed, defeated in the next round?

But then the thought of his mother soothed his bruised body, and he gradually gathered his scattered thoughts. With that shining image before him, he would try to win.

This was to be his last fight, granted that he would win, and he must win to send that dear mother of his to the country for her health. The doctor had said that another month in the city would cause her death. And then with his thoughts on that glittering image before him, he heard the gong, opening the last round.

He staggered, regaining his poise and waited for an opening. At last it came. With all his strength he struck the end of that bull dog jaw. Would this demon never fall? His strength was exhausted; if his opponent fell he was saved; if he stood, the result would be like that in the last round, but this time there would be no come-back. His head swam, he blindly struck out once more, that same picture appearing before him. He heard the jeers of the crowd, the scolding of his manager, the count of the referee. He was out! But the picture of his mother's smiling confident face again appeared.

He looked again refreshed with the picture. He rubbed his eyes, for there stretched out his full length, was Sailor Bryan. The referee was counting him out, the Kid had not lost, the manager was boasting, the crowd cheering. But it was his mother he looked at to tell him he had won.

Bob D. Howard

D. Acheson (awakened by father at 11 a. m.): "Top o' the mornin' Pop."
Mr. A.: "I'll say it is, it's eleven o'clock."

BOOK REVIEWS

In the Palace of the King

Frances Marion Crawford

A Spaniard of Spain's great days; fearless, proud, and intolerant was Mendoza. Spain's honor was his idol and he was without doubt the King's most loyal servant. Mendoza was blessed with two daughters, the fair Dolores, who inherited her father's pride and fearlessness, and whose beauty and kindness won the admiration of all, and Inez, who, though blind, was the everpresent comfort and the everwilling helping hand to her beautiful sister, when sorrows and troubles assailed her.

For Dolores loved and was loved in turn by Don John, half brother of the reigning King Philip, whose intriguing mind wished to bring about the marriage of Don John and Mary, Queen of Scots. But Philip was not the only barrier to the happiness of these two hearts. Mendoza, being devoted to his country body and soul, knew of Philip's ambitions, of his careful watch, and knew also that Philip would stop at nothing foul to gain his end. Hence he had a clear vision of what might result if Dolores and Don John were united. Philip would order the marriage annulled, Dolores would be ruined, so also would the house of Mendoza, and not a little would Spain's honor be lowered before her people and the world.

The drastic measures employed by Mendoza to prevent such an occurrence, which caused the bitter estrangement of father and daughter, the cunning of Philip in trying to draw Don John into a quarrel, the unusual turn of events which caused the death of Don John to be proclaimed to the whole court when in reality he was alive, nearly costing the life of Mendoza, which was saved only by the fearlessness and courage of Dolores and finally brought to the surface all the true, noble emotions which existed between father and daughter, are but a few of the stirring events which take place in this fascinating romance of old Madrid.

Mary Baranzelli

"A Man Without A Country"

Edward Hale

Philip Nolan will always be remembered, if not by his own name, by the name he received after the trial. He was a dashing young officer in the United States Army. He was liked and respected by all men; not only for his loyalty, but for his kindness and good-fellowship. He studied hard for advancement and considered his country's needs before his own.

His loyalty proved his weakness, not exactly his loyalty to his country, but to his friend. Nolan considered this man a friend but he did not prove worthy of this regard. They were tried for desertion and Nolan remained true

to his friend and belief; but was disowned by his country, while his friend, through a clever statement, proved his skill by procuring his own freedom, but did not even consider his follower's life.

Who led a more adventurous life after the trial, "the man without a country" or an adventurer who continued to plunder and roam the country at his will? Did Nolan's loyalty prevail through the remaining years of his life, which he spent at sea? "Truth is stranger than fiction", and what is more thrilling than a sea story or the life of an exile?

Alice Millington '24

"The Quest of Quesnay"

Booth Tarkington

She was a wonderfully striking personage, Madame D'Armand, guest at Chateau Quesnay in Paris. Her striking personality, attractiveness, great intelligence, and sweet voice attracted much admiration. She resided as matron of the Chateau during its owner's absence, but as guest otherwise. It was her own persistent desire to be left alone that persuaded the owner to leave her so.

The arrival of Oliver Saffren, a very handsome young fellow, at the inn called "Les Trois Pigeons", caused much excitement at the Chateau and also made a startling change in Madame's life. The proprietor of the inn referred to Saffren as "the young man with the singular air" and this truly described his manner, yet it enhanced his attractiveness. His mysterious movements and companion caused much surmising. Saffren very often met Madame D'Armand in the woods and the high terms and enthusiasm which he employed in reference to her betrayed his secret while her lovely eyes almost did the same for her.

The coming of Mariana, a disreputable character and known throughout France as such, brought a climax to affairs. Her claim that Saffren was her husband surprised and horrified all and investigations soon proved that the so-called Oliver Saffren was in truth Larrabee Harman, a man who formerly had been much dissipated and unruly, but who had never been heard of since an accident in which he had featured two years previous. Complications developed which proved very interesting. Madame D'Armand turned out to be really—but then, surely you would prefer to discover her identity for yourself! At all events the story is concluded in an exciting and satisfactory manner.

Beatrice Mackie

"The Light That Failed"

Rudyard Kipling

Dick Helder was an orphan and for six years had been under the care of a guardian, living in London, who had made the days burdensome on his young shoulders. The following autumn brings him a companion, known to him as Maisie. At first he mistrusts her profoundly, but the stress of punishment, shared in common, drives them together. However, he is not satisfied in leading this sort of life and so goes away, and when we next hear of him, he is on a whale-boat on the Nile. While in the desert, he engages in a fight with a camel-corps,

which results in his receiving a violent blow across his forehead. After his recovery he spends his time painting, putting all of his energy on one picture, "The Melancolia". Finally he finishes it, and finds that it is everything that he had hoped it to be. That night he retires feeling well but rather tired. Alas! Upon waking in the morning he finds that his sight has left him. He receives letter after letter from Maisie, but is unable to read or to answer them. Thus time goes on, and he goes through the same monotony day by day. However, Maisie comes to see him when she hears of his trouble, but she is not the same Maisie, and feeling no sympathy whatsoever for him, soon leaves. He becomes restless and decides that even though he is blind, he will go across and fight. This he does. While nearing the battle-front, he is told to get down behind his camel, but failing to do so on time, is struck by a flying bullet and dies, his luck having held to the very last.

Marguerite Burr

Nobody Knows But Mother

Nobody knows of the work it takes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to the childish woes,
Which only kisses smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother,
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lesson taught,
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears,
Lest darling may not weather
The storms of life in after years,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above,
To thank the heavenly Father
For the sweetest gift, a mother's love,
Nobody can—but mother.

Raymond Hand

A Hair Pin

What is home without a hair-pin
 When the shoe hook can't be found,
 And a taxi is approaching
 To the pretty country bound?

What is life without a hair-pin
 Secretly hidden in the floor
 When one strikes it walking barefoot
 Hush, was that a call for more?

Oh! a wicked little hair-pin
 Gracefully posing in its place
 Seeks to warn all barefoot walkers
 Of its secret hiding place.

*Irene La Nois***Spring**

When Spring has come, oh what a thrill have we,
 The sun is shining on the grass so green,
 The sky seems bluer than we've ever seen,
 The air seems cool and fresh like summer sea.
 A cool white mist may roll o'er land and lea,
 But peace and quiet enters in our hearts,
 And gone are troubled faces, nervous starts;
 For now we all are filled with ecstasy.
 In Spring although we may be tired and old,
 We feel a new invigorating force
 Which seems to come with rain and flowers sublime
 And warm our very hearts which were so cold.
 For Spring to all may often be the source
 Of peace and happiness and truth divine.

*Frances Rawson***Night**

Soft, my friend, the night is treading
 On its tiptoes still
 Light the gentle moon is shedding
 Over vale and hill.

Silver stars the sky bejewels
 And they spark and glow
 Hush, my friend, the birds are calling
 Calling sweet and low.

Hush, my friend, the night is falling
 Over hill and crest

"Night is sacred, night is filling
 Wood and vale with rest".

*Sarah Evzerow '23***One Way Traffic**

There is only one road to the town of "Success",
 The name of the road is "WORK".
 It has room for only honest guests,
 Traffic's blocked to those that shirk.

The road is open all hours of Today,
 It heeds neither time nor date,
 And *now is the time to start* on your way,
 For *tomorrow will be too late*.

Nearly all of the way is an UPHILL road;
 It will seem like a TOUGH OLD FIGHT,
 But ONCE on your way just BEAR up your load
 AND KEEP GOING WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT.

You will pass through many towns each day,
 Such as FAILURE, GLOOM AND DESPAIR;
 At each of these stations JUST KEEP ON YOUR WAY,
 For "WORK" does not tarry there.

After you've entered the town of "SUCCESS".
 Though your load may have been hard to bear,
 ONCE INSIDE you will FIND both COMFORT AND REST,
 JUST BE THANKFUL YOU STARTED FOR THERE.

*B. A. Senior***Student Activities**

Miss Baker is directing a new club. Its name? "The Etiquette Club". Its purpose? Just what its name implies, to instruct the members in etiquette; introductions, conduct at dinners, banquets, dances, theaters, and the like; but above all, learning that true etiquette is based largely upon consideration for others, and that only when we forget to consider others, do we deviate from the paths of etiquette.

Worried Freshman: "Suppose you were in my shoes, what would you do?"
 Wise Senior: "I'd shine them."

Wet Measure

Two pints one quart,
 Two quarts one fight,
 One fight, two cops,
 Two cops one judge,
 One judge, ninety days.

Danbury H. S.

Jack: "Why is a figure 9 like a peacock?"

Jim: "Don't know, why?"

Jack: "Because without a tail it is nothing."

The fellow who sits down and waits for opportunity to come his way usually spends his life sitting.

It takes both grace and wit to get along pleasantly with people who 'never make mistakes'.

Your friends may help you secure positions, but you alone can hold them.

Instructor in public speaking: "Mr. Jones, can't you speak any louder? Be more enthusiastic! Open your mouth and throw yourself into it!"

"Do you believe that thirteen is a fatal number?" asked the superstitious one.

"Well, all the people who lived in the thirteenth century are dead," replied his friend.

Everybody Working

Mama's in the kitchen,

Washing out the bottles,

Sister's in the pantry

Putting on the labels.

Papa's in the cellar

Mixing up the hops,

Brother's on the front stoop

Watching for the cops.

Danbury H. S.

Mr. Larkin: "What does "Geo" stand for?"

Bright Child: "George."

"Why do these two words disagree?"

"One is masculine and the other is feminine."

Wanted: By man and daughter attending high school, two good rooms in good location.

Tall, thin, youth kindly: "Take this seat, madam."

"Thank you, sir, but would you mind telling me where you got up from?"

Danbury H. S.

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The Graduate's Dress It must be simple in line and effect, yet so moded that it will faithfully depict her youthfulness. The frocks we

show are the sort the young graduate will choose. You will find plenty of dresses here that befit the occasion.

Dresses, \$7.95—At this popular price we show several models. One of imported voile with a self sash and ruffled skirt. Another of French voile bloused waist, trimmed with ruffles and white satin sash. Excellent values at \$7.95.

Dresses, \$9.50—Fashioned of imported voile straight line model, ruffled skirt, neatly trimmed with moire ribbon. Very fine values at \$9.50.

Dresses, \$9.75—Fashioned of French voile prettily draped with self material.

Other Dresses—Fashioned of imported organdy, French voile and crepe de chine, beautifully made and prettily trimmed with lace, ruffles and ribbons. Delightfully new and charming styles at \$10.00 to \$24.00.

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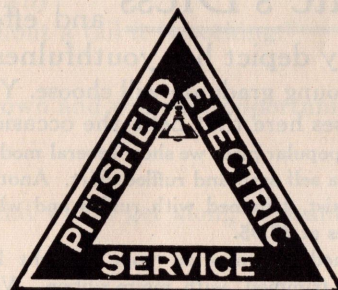
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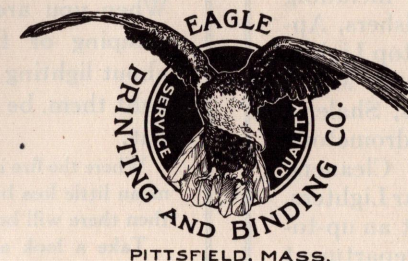
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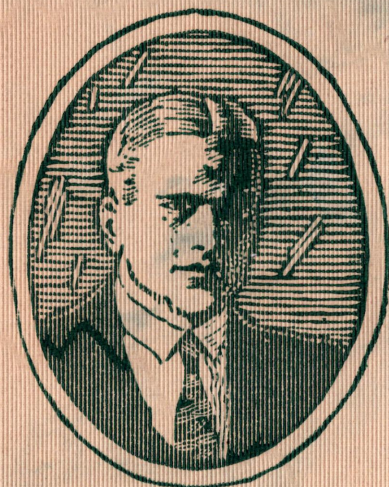
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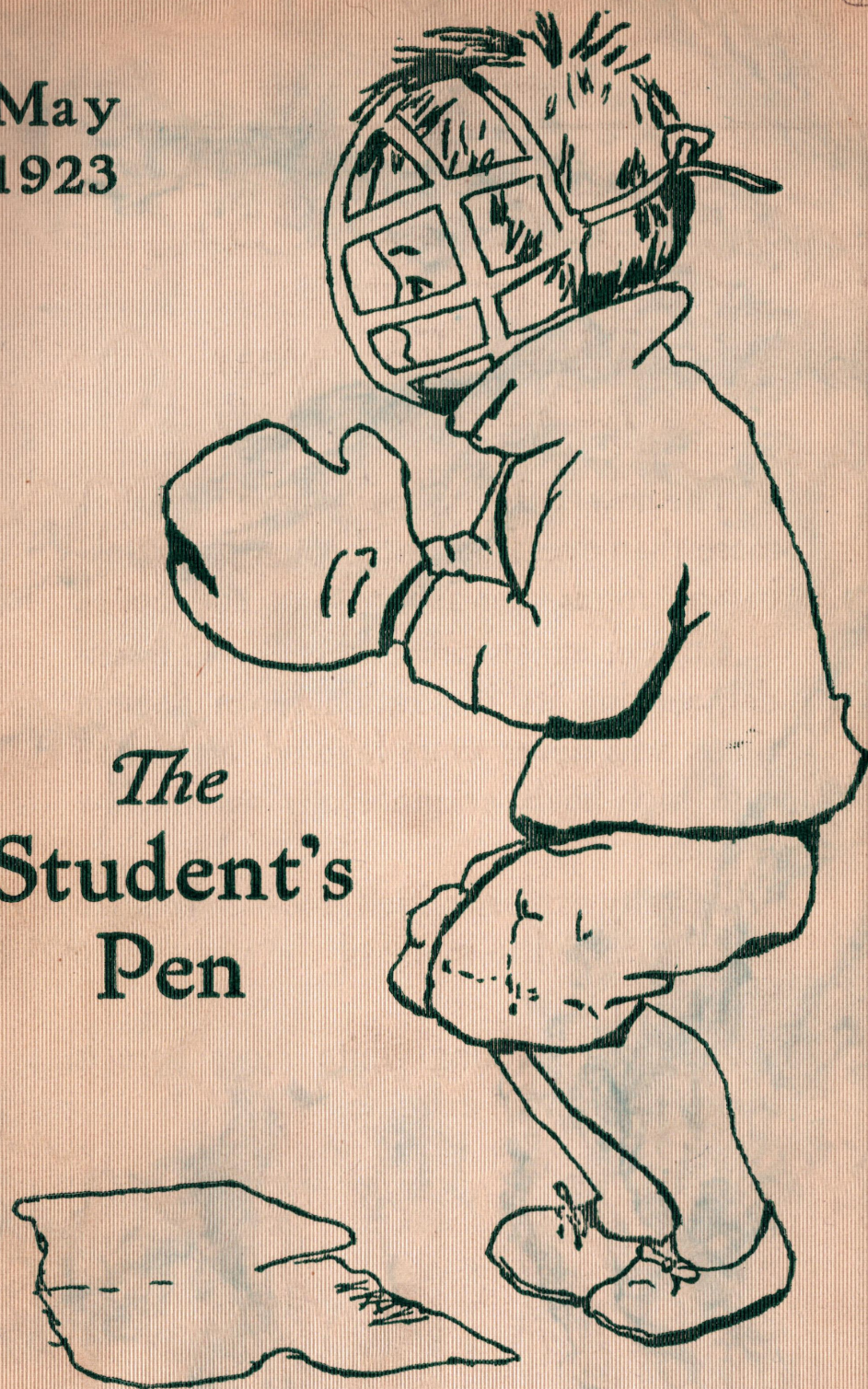
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May
1923

The Student's Pen



"PLAY BALL"

By R. Hays

M. Clough

I
suivre, suivant, suivi, je suis
je suivis.

rire, riant, ris, je ris, je ris.
vaincre, vainquant, vaincu, je vaincs,
je vainquis.

prendre, prenant, pris, je prend,
je pris.

vivre, vivant, vî, je vis, je vis

je suis vous suivez

tu es vous suivez

il suit ils suivent

je ris vous riez

tu ris vous riez

il rit ils rient

je vaincs vous vainquez

tu vaincs vous vainquez

il vaincs ils vainquent

je prends vous prenez

tu prends vous prenez

il prend ils prennent

je vis vous vivez

tu vis vous vivez

il vis ils vivent

je vaincrai III

je rirai

je vaincrai

je prendrai

je vivrai

IV je rirais

tu rirais

il rirait

vous ririez

vous ririez

Je suis nous suivons
tu suit vous suivez
il suit ils suivent

Je ris nous rions
tu ris vous riez
il rit ils rient

Je vains nous vainquons
tu vains vous vainquez
il vaine ils vainquent

Je pris nous prenons
tu pris vous prenez
il prit ils prennent

Je vis nous vivons
tu vis vous vivez
il vit ils vivent

Entus

De survivorai

J Machett.

I
 suivre, suivant, suivre,
 je suivre, je suivre
 rure, rurons, res, je res,
 je rise
 vaincre, vaincant, vaincre,
 je vaincre, je vaincre
 prendre, prenons, preas
 je pris, je prise
 vure, vwant, ves, je ves
 je vut.

II
 je suivre nous suivrons
 tu suivres vous suivrez
 il suivre ils suivrent
 je ris nous risons
 tu ris vous risiez
 il rit ils rient
 je vains nous vainnons
 tu vains vous vainnez
 il vainst ils vainnent
 je prends nous prenons
 tu prends vous prenez
 il prend ils prennent

je vous nous vivons
tu vires vous vivez
il vires ils vivent

III je survivrai
je vivrai
je vaincrai
je prendrai
vivrai

IV

~~je ris~~ nous
tu ris je ris raison
il rit tu ris vous
rissez
ils rient

Helen Ring
May 23

Je suis nous suivons
tu es vous suivez
il est ils suivent
Je vis nous vivons
tu vis vous vivez
il vit ils vivent

Je vainc nous vaincons
tu vains vous vainquez
il vainc ils vaincent

Je vis nous vivons
tu vis vous vivez
il vit ils vivent

suivrai
vivrai
vaincrai

suivrai